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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

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JUDGE MORRISON WAS APPOINTED

Judge of the Superior Court by Gov. Stone on Tuesday.

THE SELECTION IS A WISE ONE.

Judge Morrison Received His Commission Yesterday—J. W. Bouton, the Probable Choice for this District.

Tuesday afternoon, [illegible] judge of McKean county, Hon. Thos. A. Morrison, received a message notifying him of his appointment by Gov. Stone to the Superior Court bench, to fill the seat made vacant by the retirement of Judge John I. Mitchell.

The appointment was no surprise to Judge Morrison's many friends, although strenuous efforts were made in behalf of other candidates. It was a triumph of ability and Judge Morrison's superior qualification for the position made him the man selected.

During the period that he has occupied the bench of this judicial district his practical, thoughtful and correct decisions have given him an enviable reputation throughout the Commonwealth. There is perhaps no judge in the State in a similar position who has had so few reversals from higher courts as Hon. T. A. Morrison.

His extensive and thorough knowledge of conditions in oil and unseated land matters in this part of the State will be of great [illegible] benefit to his colleagues on the Superior Court bench. The appointment is a just recognition of merit and the MINER congratulates the judge on his success.

Judge Morrison received his commission yesterday.

Judge Morrison was born in Pleasantville, Venango county, Pa., May 4, 1840. He received a common school and academical education and in 1862 enlisted in the 121st Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. At Fredericksburg, a bursting shell mangled his left arm, necessitating the amputation of that member at the shoulder joint. The future jurist was discharged from the service on account of his injury, in 1863, and returned to Pleasantville. He attended the State Normal school at Edinboro and a school in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., several terms. Soon after he returned home from school he was elected justice of the peace for the borough of Pleasantville, which position he filled with great satisfaction until the fall of 1867, when he was elected treasurer of Venango county. In 1871 he was appointed a deputy collector of internal revenue by his old army comrade, Capt. P. R. Gray. While serving as treasurer he lived in Franklin, but when appointed collector he moved to Oil City, where he remained only a few years and where he was married. Subsequently he returned to his old home in Pleasantville and read law with his lifelong friend, Hon. M. C. Beebe. After his admission to the bar in 1875 he practiced law in Pleasantville until 1879, when he moved with his family to Smethport. On September 19, 1887, he was appointed by Gov. Beaver additional law judge of the 48th judicial district, then composed of Potter and McKean counties. In the same year he was elected to that position and held it for ten years. In 1897 he was re-elected and is now serving his second term. He is a stalwart, active Republican and a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. In his present position as judge of the courts of McKean county he receives a yearly salary of $4,000. In his new position in the Superior Court, he will receive $7,500 per year.

Before another issue of the MINER reaches its readers the appointment of a judge to fill Mr. Morrison's position in this county will undoubtedly have been made. From present indications our popular and capable townsman, Attorney J. W. Bouton, will be the man selected and a wise selection it will be.

Marriage of Popular Couple.

Miss Lyda Pearl Boardman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Boardman of No. 4 East Main street, Bradford, was united in marriage to George W. Jude, a popular young attorney of Jamestown, N. Y., on Tuesday. Rev. George M. Hickman, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, pronounced the words that made the happy couple one for life, at the home of the bride's parents.

Miss Boardman was a resident of Smethport for nearly three years and during that time made many friends, who will unite with the MINER in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Jude a prosperous and joyful married life.

The Star Still Shines.

The Bradford Star, issued from the Era office, makes a newsy appearance daily. The size of the paper has been slightly reduced, but the interesting news matter has not been curtailed. It is reported that the management of the Star is contemplating the purchase of an entire printing equipment from a Smethport establishment.

ANCIENT HISTORY

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Married, in Norwich township, Jan. 3, 1865, by A. P. Brewer, Esq., Mr. Ruben Proyst of Williamsport, Pa., to Miss Fidellia E. Evans of Norwich, Pa.

Died, on Monday morning, Jan. 9, 1865, John King of Ceres, Pa., aged 80 years, 5 months.

The rebel Gen. Page, captured near Fort Morgan, applied by letter lately to his old classmate, Commodore Rogers, for assistance in getting exchanged. The reply was: "I can do nothing for you. You neither defended your post like a man, nor surrendered like an officer."

Ayer's American Almanac has now arrived and is ready for delivery gratis at H. Hamlin's to all who call for it. This number contains a treatise on scrofula and its kindred complaints, which is well worthy perusal. It also gives [illegible] and medical information [illegible]. Its complement of jokes and anecdotes [illegible] the best [illegible] and these facts [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] of [illegible] book in the world.

Our representative in Congress, Judge Scofield, has been acquitting himself nobly in his speech on the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery. It is the finest effort of his life. He took occasion to reply to Brooks, who represents the rowdies of New York and who has been slurring Pennsylvania, and his sarcasm was most withering. Those who were present say that Brooks fairly wilted in his seat. It is gratifying to know that the wild cat district has a representative who is ready to take the bull by the horns whenever the occasion requires it and who will not be bullied by "bully Brooks" or any of that kind of stock.

Another victory, thank God! The knell of slavery has sounded! The Prometheus of liberty has burst from the chains! Let the hearts of the people leap with joy and hail with cheers of exultation the opening morn of our millennium. The constitutional amendment abolishing slavery throughout the United States has passed both houses of Congress by the requisite two-thirds vote and is now placed before the legislatures of the several states for their adoption. Six States have already adopted the amendment and it is worthy of note that the second that took action in this respect was Maryland. The others that have also adopted it are Illinois, Rhode Island, New York and Pennsylvania. The rest will wheel rapidly into line and this glorious amendment will become a part of our national constitution. A succession of great events frequently characterizes the age of their transpiration, but it is seldom that a single event occurs so vast in its magnitude and consequences as to form an epoch in a nation's history and give the grand distinguishing feature to a century. But this has now been done in our own time and country. The abolition of slavery from the United States gives to them a new vitality and a new beginning.

Within the past two weeks two deeds have been left for record at the Recorder's office of this county, upon which the United States revenue stamps amount to eight hundred dollars, the consideration being five hundred thousand dollars and three hundred thousand dollars, respectively.

A Word to "Poets."—We wish to say a word to those who expect to "step at a single step what it took others years to climb," and begin by sending their effusions to the MINER. We are always happy to receive and publish good poetry but when it comes to sending us words strung along like so many dried apples, without any regard to sense, rhyme, spelling or versification we can't afford to publish them.

The commissioners' statement for the year ending January 1, 1865, shows that the county commissioners received for their services during the year 1864 the following amounts: Corwin, $78.56; Brewer, $87.48; Baldwin, $52.50. The commissioners' clerk drew $300.50 and the county treasurer received in commissions $322.18. The resources exceeded the liabilities by $3,985.97.

Married, at Prentiss Vale, January 26, 1865, by Rev. M. W. Strickland, Mr. Judson E. Briggs of Cuba, N. Y., and Miss Anna M. Strickland of Otto, Pa.

Also at the same place, on February 23, 1865, Mr. J. Merritt Baldwin of Otto and Miss Melvina Champney of Cooksville, Wisconsin.

At Clermontville, Pa., on Wednesday, the 22d day of February, 1865, by P. Ford, Esq., Mr. Henry Gensel and Miss Eva M. Martin, daughter of Adam Martin, Esq.

Charlie, little son of Capt. Nicholas, while at play in the Goodwin House on Tuesday last, fell into a pail of hot water and was scalded in such a manner that he died at 11 o'clock at night of the day of the sad accident.

Ladies' day at the Turkish Bath parlors in two weeks. Mrs. Peterson will be in charge. Watch for small handbills.

Use the Redfield mantle.

Laymon on Honor.

In the last issue of the Port Allegany Reporter Editor Laymon ventured the following in regard to a woman's honor:

"The life of a McKean county man has been shot out with a thirty-two calibre revolver during the past week by a woman desperately desirous of protecting her honor. Generally speaking when a woman's honor gets to be in such demand that it has to be protected with a shotgun or a revolver there is something more to it. It has been my observation that 'honor' thus saved hasn't really been worth a man's life. In this particular case the man and woman were neighbors and acquaintances at Olivedale, near Mt. Jewett. A shotgun and a big revolver were handy implements of protection. Shotguns, revolvers and woman's 'honor' are not so closely associated. Any way the coroner exonerated her, and her 'honor' I suppose is still intact."

We are surprised and pained to learn that any editor should take such a position on this question. We did not suppose there was a man in the county who would criticize a woman for protecting her honor at any cost. The taking of a human life is deplorable, but [illegible] of a right that [illegible] and good society is [illegible]. We are [illegible] that was it [illegible] in this instance? Mr. Laymon would advise his readers to protect their chicken roosts with a shotgun yet he censures a woman for using a like defense of her honor, which to a pure woman is dearer than life itself. Mr. Laymon is a man of family and that he should regard woman's honor so lightly is a painful surprise to the craft.

A Christmas Wedding.

Justice B. L. Knapp was hesitatingly approached last Thursday by a stalwart young man, who modestly confessed that he wanted to get married.

"All right," said the justice, "have you got your license?"

"Oh, we're both of age," confessed the prospective bridegroom. "We don't need anything like that."

It was evidently the first time the young man had contemplated committing matrimony in Pennsylvania and he was informed that all persons who take the serious step in this glorious Commonwealth must first secure that delightful document, a marriage license, so he was conducted to the recorder's office and was granted the necessary permit.

Then Archie Eastwood and Miss Mamie Saylor, both of Liberty township, were married by the justice at his office in the court house. At the conclusion of the ceremony 'Squire Knapp announced that congratulations were in order and Judge Morrison, Hon. T. F. Richmond, Prothonotary George W. Mitchell and Att'y Arthur W. Mitchell, who had witnessed the proceedings, came forward and warmly congratulated Mr. and Mrs. Eastwood and hoped that the memory of that merry Christmas day would remain bright and joyous to the happy couple.

Decrease in Oil Production.

According to exchanges that make a specialty of oil news, the production of crude petroleum, notwithstanding the impetus of an advancing market, is falling off. The production of Pennsylvania oil, as shown by the pipe line runs, made a drop of over 5,000 barrels a day during November. The shipments at the same time were decreased over 7,000 barrels a day, but they still exceed the runs by over 12,000 barrels a day and the stocks were drawn upon to the extent of nearly 330,000 barrels to make up the deficiency. Both production and consumption show a falling off as compared with October. At the present rate of decrease the surplus stock would be wiped out in about three years.

These facts admit of but one conclusion. In spite of the tremendous activity of the drill, the older sections of the producing regions are no longer able to maintain the demand for crude petroleum and the growing want of the industry is new developments and new fields. It is little wonder then that all eyes are turned toward Kentucky as a coming source of supply. But whether or not this great Southern State, with its immense areas of virgin territory, will ever be able to offset the declining fields of West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Ohio is still an open question for the future to solve.

In Regard to Albert Lawrence.

At a preliminary hearing in Buffalo recently, a mail clerk named Leonard testified against Albert Lawrence, who is charged with robbing the mails. The witness said that he saw Lawrence open an official letter which, he said, contained complaints against another clerk named Dean. Lawrence showed the letter to Dean and then burned it. Leonard also told of seeing the accused clerk open a letter containing money addressed to "Hayner," Dayton, Ohio. This is the first evidence in the case that has been made public. There are reports to the effect that Lawrence is the victim of spite work proceedings instituted by persons with whom the young man is unpopular.

COURT HOUSE NEW YEAR'S NEWS

Items of Interest Picked Up at the Temple of Justice Concerning

THE MEN BEHIND THE DESKS, ETC.

Many Changes are Noted—New Furniture for Various Offices—More Room Will Soon be Needed.

There are great "doings" at the court house this week. The old walnut desks, fixtures, etc. are being removed and elegant new steel furnishings are being installed in several of the offices. The new furniture was a necessity on account of the additional offices which have been established by law. The cost of these improvements will be nearly $6,000, but [illegible] the convenience will [illegible] pay this expenditure.

The constantly increasing business of the county is taxing the capacity of the court house to its utmost and from present indications it will not be long before an addition to the building will be necessary in order to give certain offices sufficient vault room.

Sheriff Charles H. Mays will have his office in the room formerly used by the district attorney, and it is probable that District Attorney Melvin will also occupy that office when in town. Prothonotary Samuel E. Bell and Clerk of the Courts William H. Morrison, who will also act as deputy prothonotary, will occupy the prothonotary's office. Register John B. Eastman has the office formerly occupied by the sheriff. The other county officials remain in their present quarters.

Early in the week a deal was consummated whereby W. B. Clarke became possessor of the property at the corner of Green and Fulton streets, formerly owned by A. T. Palmer. The price paid for the property by Mr. Clarke was $2,500. He is moving his household goods to his new dwelling this week. During his residence in Smethport Mr. Clarke has made a host of friends who will be pleased to know that he has adopted Smethport as a permanent place of abode. It is understood that he will be retained in the sheriff's office by his successor, Mr. Mays, to act as deputy for some months at least. But whatever position he may hold or in whatever business he may decide to embark he has the well wishes of this community for lucrative success.

Geo. W. Mitchell, who has acceptably filled the office of prothonotary for three terms, can retire with the consciousness of a work well done. He was an obliging official and it is hoped that he will continue to prosper.

W. F. Specht, who has been an attache of the prothonotary's office for many years, will retire from that position and give his entire attention to his excellent insurance patronage. Mr. Specht will have offices over Brownell Bros.' store.

Commissioners Boardman, Peterson and Hungiville have served the people well, despite all growlings to the contrary. Messrs. Boardman and Peterson will leave us, but it is said that Mr. Hungiville contemplates entering the mercantile business in this borough. According to reports S. D. Weaver will be retained as clerk by the incoming board of commissioners, Messrs. Griffiths, Peterson and Walsh.

Recorder [illegible] Choate will be found at the old stand where he has served the county faithfully for a number of years.

Auditor John P. Devlin is now an attorney, having been admitted to the bar last week.

B. L. Knapp, justice of the peace, now has quarters in the library room on the second floor of the court house.

Next Monday Auditors Oscar Engstrom, B. G. Bartle and John P. Devlin, and Jury Commissioners Walter Ostrander and William Brooder will meet and commence the transaction of their annual duties.

The incoming officials are a capable set of gentlemen, who will transact the business of the various offices to the best of their ability.

A Blight to Cherry Tree.

Reports from all parts of the country indicate that the "black knot" blight has worked havoc with the cherry trees. Well-posted nurserymen state that the pest was caused by the excessive wet weather of the early summer and declare that the effects are too widespread for anything less than the most drastic measure. They advise that all trees so affected be cut down and burned.—Derrick.

Pope Received 32,000 Gifts.

In connection with the exhibition at the vatican of the most valuable of the Pope's jubilee presents it is announced that the total number of gifts was 32,000. The value of the gifts presented to him on the occasion of his three jubilees is estimated at $9,500,000. The Pope has bequeathed the presents to the Holy See.

KILLED HER ASSAILANT

Mrs. Edward Burdick of Olivedale Shot and Instantly Killed John Ryan.

At Olivedale, this county, on Tuesday afternoon of last week, Mrs. Edward Burdick in order to defend her honor shot and instantly killed John Ryan.

Ryan was in a semi-intoxicated condition and attempted to commit an outrageous assault upon the woman. During the struggle Mrs. Burdick seized a revolver and shot her assailant through the heart. It appears that Ryan had bothered Mrs. Burdick on various occasions and had been warned by her that she would defend her honor with a gun if necessary, but he persisted and met a tragic end.

Coroner Hall of Bradford visited the scene of the tragedy and empaneled a jury, who on hearing the testimony of several persons, brought in a verdict to the effect that Mrs. Burdick was justified in killing the man. Ryan was [illegible] years of age and had been employed in that vicinity. Mrs. Burdick, who bears a good reputation, is about 25 years of age.

Later reports in regard to the tragedy say that Mrs. Burdick will be arrested. Information was made before Alderman Osborne of Bradford, Tuesday, and a warrant for the arrest of the woman was placed in the hands of Constable Herrington of that city. As yet the warrant has not been served owing to the absence of Mrs. Burdick from Olivedale. She is visiting relatives in a nearby town, but her husband informed the constable that he would come to Bradford to-morrow with his wife and that she would surrender to the authorities. A hearing will then be held before Alderman Osborne and Mrs. Burdick will undoubtedly be released on bail.

Banquet of the Frogs.

In commemoration of the second anniversary of the re-organization of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Frogs, a grand banquet was given at the Commercial House last night. There were all manner of frogs in attendance—the rana temporaria, or common frog; the rana [illegible], or Potato creek frog; the rana pipiens, or bull frog of America, and the rana clamitans, or the grunting or mugus frog, represented by Chief Croaker Reynolds. The rana esculenta, or edible frog, alone was absent, but a quantity of distilled hyoscyamus made up for this deficiency.

The spread was a credit to Landlord Sherburne, who catered to the Frogs for the first time, and the assembled party did full justice to the eatables, etc.

Chief Croaker Reynold's "old heart" was "pit-a-patting" at the old stand and his speeches were remarkable and numerous. He bewailed the absence of frog cheese, a delicacy much sought after by this organization, which is defined in botany as "one of the larger puff balls when young." As it could not be procured "high balls" were substituted and gave general satisfaction. In his concluding remarks the judge recited a tearful poem, composed for the occasion, of which the following is a sample stanza:

"Yield me an hostry 'mongst the croaking frogs!"
Their happiness may I ever cherish.
Tho while I am melancholy, yet glad
To die, but still not perish!

At the conclusion of the ceremonies several of the members indulged in a frog-march, but all were of the opinion that they had enjoyed a lovely time.

A One-Armed Ball Player.

George England, the one-armed ball player, who it will be remembered managed for a time the Warren baseball team during the season of 1895, has been in the city for a few days past. While here Mr. England was engaged in a business mission but was incidentally feeling the baseball pulse of the Warren sports and it may be possible that George will be heard from during the coming season. He will be remembered as being quite a pitcher and a clever fielder despite the fact that he is minus one of his limbs. At present he is one of the Allegheny constables and returned to that city Tuesday morning.—Warren Mirror.

S. H. S. Orchestra Dance.

The members of the High School orchestra gave an enjoyable dancing party at the hose house last night. A good sized crowd was in attendance and the boys report about $35 cleared after paying expenses. The music furnished by this organization, which has been organized only a few weeks, was a pleasant surprise to the dancers. The orchestra played well and gives promise of becoming a noted musical aggregation.

Lady friends of the orchestra served delicious refreshments, assisted by the Petersons, and this part of the entertainment was entirely satisfactory.

Lost—On Wednesday, Dec. 24, between the Haines bottle factory and East Smethport station lady's gold bracelet. Finder please leave same at residence of John Okerlund, East Smethport.

For an oyster stew or a cup of good coffee, go to Petersons' restaurant.

George Hackett.

Last Sunday's Philadelphia Inquirer contained a lengthy article and two pictures of George Hackett. Many of our readers will remember George, who lived here about fourteen years ago, as the largest boy of his age ever known in this community, he weighing over 100 pounds before he was four years old. From the Inquirer's article we glean the following:

George Hackett is probably the heaviest youth of his age in Pennsylvania. He tips the scales at 417 pounds, and, although carrying this amount of superfluous avoirdupois about with him is possessed of astonishing activity.

George was born at Emporium, Pa., eighteen years ago. Both his parents are about normal as to height and weight. * * *

It is in the hands of the amateur youths who face George in a boxing bout, to [illegible] their big [illegible], for his agility is far greater than was at first [illegible] and to [illegible] him is almost impossible.

Young Hackett recently had an encounter with a [illegible], but [illegible] his age [illegible]. The [illegible] [illegible] credit the [illegible] * * *

Many efforts have been made by showmen to secure George for purposes of exhibition, but while the recipient of many tempting offers in this direction he has refused them all.

With the acquisition of weight George also developed a surprising muscular strength, and, what is more remarkable seemed to gain rather than lose in activity. He is not only the champion heavyweight of the town where he lives but easily the most powerful youth of his age in the county. With his tremendous weight it is quite beyond the average man to throw him, and when he dons the gloves this young giant looms up as a formidable antagonist.

Revival Meetings.

About the middle of January the people of the Baptist church will begin a special series of evangelistic meetings, in which they will be assisted by a brigade of the Salvation Army, Staff-Captain Barker in charge.

The people of Smethport are to expect from these workers, not the usual [illegible] something such as Salvation Army work on the streets and in slum districts, but an intelligent, refined and thoroughly sane work. These same workers have conducted special evangelistic services in some of the largest churches in this and surrounding counties during the past two years and their work has been highly praised. Unless the reputation they have made elsewhere fails to be substantiated here, any citizens who may now be prejudiced against Salvation Army workers will be quickly disabused of these prejudices as soon as the meetings begin.

These meetings will be conducted on very liberal principles and Christian workers from the other churches are heartily invited to participate in the services. Let brotherly love and Christian unity pervade all the work.

General Manager McKenna Resigns.

John C. McKenna, general manager of the Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway company, has resigned his potion with the road and will leave the service of the narrow gauge line on January 1. The retiring official has been identified with the road for a period of 22 years, occupying various positions from clerk to general manager, during which time he has proved a most competent man, and has become popular with the traveling public. Auditor Andrew Campbell will succeed him as superintendent and general manager, in addition to retaing his present position in accordance with the proposed economic policy of the stockholders. The narrow gauge line has been operated at a loss during the past year and it was feared recently that the road would be abandoned entirely. Mr. McKenna has not decided upon his future course, as yet, and is considering several offers for his services from railroad companies.—Bradford Era.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post-office at Smethport for the week ending Dec. 27, 1902.

J. H. Coone, Mrs. Marion Crum, Miss Cenia Crawford, A. W. Frost, Albert Kephart, Miss Nellie King, William McMillan, Mrs. A. J. Prentice, Miss Lena Rogers, Miss Daisy Mae Reese, Miss Ida Speinberg, Chas. Sanford.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

The Money-Back Cough Syrup.

Means a lot to people who are tired of experimenting with the "ordinary" cough preparations—you are not out a cent if Dr. George Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Cough Cure does not please you. It will cure consumption and all serious and stubborn lung and throat diseases. Sold at 25c on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

NEW YEAR'S AT BLUE RIDGE

"SPEAKING of New Year's," said the Nevadian, "I always call to mind this time of year the blowoff we boys give a young doctor chap who came up to Blue Ridge just at the time that camp was the liveliest, to which I might add that though the days of the Ridge was few in the land, as the book says, while it did last there was no camp on the Pacific slope from Puget sound to the Rio Grande that could furnish as much fun in a week as transpired in Blue Ridge every twenty four hours.

"But the sport didn't need no medicine. It was not, as you might say, a sickly neighborhood, which it seems

[illegible] place [illegible] as how we had the most likely look of graveyard for the population as you would find in all the Sierras. But the gents as populated the graveyard was mostly a lively and healthy lot up to and inclusive of the moment of their demise.

"That's what the boys was speaking of when the doctor came into camp.

"Long Bill remarked to me that the boys who was hurt ought to make an effort to last until the doctor could arrive, which would give him a legal claim on any dust they might leave. He was just the kind of a chap for the camp if so it had been that there was any trade for him, for he was quiet, nervy, had more book learning than the editor and was cheerful and obliging, especially obliging, for he preached a beautiful sermon over the late dealer at the faro bank, though the said dealer had died of his wounds before Doc arrived!

"Some said as how we ought to send down in the valley where they were all shaking eternally with malaria and import a bunch of the shakers for Doc to practice on and pay him so much for the cleanup. He laughed when we proposed this and said it would be unprofessional, because he knew the party as had the practice in the valley.

"Then we proposed that thereafter, any party dying of his wounds before the Doc could arrive, the said party's effects should be levied upon for a fee to be paid to Doc.

"All the boys agreed to that, and we got so worked up over the prospect that a disagreement resulted that very night, in which a Wells-Fargo shotgun messenger blew all the Latin parts out of a friend with a ten gauge duck gun, which the same, for purposes of stage robbers, was of a sawed off character. The party as was shot was mostly missing between his hips and his chest, the remains being only two-thirds, but we joyfully sent for Doc just the same.

"Well, he came, and when he saw the state of the case he said as he wasn't an undertaker he couldn't be of any service.

"Then we told him of the new rule and offered him the pile of the deceased, which was in a canvas sack behind the bar. He wouldn't take it, not even a sample for assay, and the disappointment of the boys was sad to see, especially the shotgun messenger, whose intentions had done honor to his heart and aim.

"It was a few days before New Year's that the editor showed us a piece in a San Francisco paper, which was a kind of local notice, stating that our Doc was going to be married to a lady in that city. That sets us thinking, and we thought harder than ever when the Doc tells us that he was going to leave us on New Year's day to take up his practice in San Francisco. We held a meeting and discussed the state of affairs, having a pretty good idea of how the land lay financially with Doc, because his money was on deposit with the express agent and he was chairman of our meeting.

"Well, at that meeting we laid out a plan that worked as slick as a diamond drill. On the day before New Year's Doc was sent for by Long Bill, who told him his old rheumatiz was working again like a forty stamp quartz mill. Doc prescribed, and when Bill asked what was the ante Doc said it would be $5. Bill said he'd hand it to him when he bid him goodby at the stage office next day. Then I sent for Doc and said that old bullet wound in my leg was on strike again, took my prescription and promised to pay next day.

"I don't suppose any doctor in the world ever had as busy a day as ours did that day. It seemed like every man in camp was sick. There was trouble about noon because the boys ran out of names of diseases, but I went up to Doc's office and copied out a lot of names from one of his books, and then we kept things booming. Some of the younger boys got stuck on the names of sicknesses I dealt out to them to make a choice from and played the whole deck, which seemed to puzzle Doc somewhat.

"Well, the next day we met and marched around to the stage about starting time, and there was Doc, looking a little worried, but he looked a lot more surprised when he saw all his patients so callish.

"We gave him a sendoff and an envelope.

"Did you ask what was in the envelope? I disremember the odd dollars, but it was enough over $5,000 to leave him that clear after he had paid his expenses down to the bay."—New York Journal.

HOLIDAY DECORATIONS.

Old Fashioned Greens Were Rosemary, Ivy and Bay.

The old fashioned holiday greens were rosemary, ivy and bay, but in the 2,000 tons of wreathing and decorating material which it is estimated that we now use every year there is a much greater variety. Best loved of all is the glossy red berried holly. "Holm" was the old English name for it, and it is thought to be identical with the "greenwood tree" of British ballads and of Robin Hood fame. On our side of the Atlantic the American holly, Ilex opaca, is found from Maine, where it grows as a shrub, to North and South Carolina, where it lifts a symmetrical cone of dark, shining leaves set with scarlet berry clusters along a beautiful trunk of gray and silver to the height of seventy or eighty feet.

Delaware and Maryland are usually credited with furnishing the best grades of holly to the holiday market, but their "Three X" brand, as seen after shipment to northern cities, is not so finely berried as the Carolina holly plentiful in the regions around Asheville.—Country Life In America.

New Year's Calls.

New Year's calling in New York was partly the outgrowth of an early [illegible] custom [illegible] many of the [illegible] of the early Dutch [illegible] of [illegible] which they [illegible] passed beyond the bounds to which the fathers [illegible] had been made the excuse for [illegible] a day [illegible] over to the [illegible] of good resolutions.

In the early days of Manhattan Island the male Dutch settlers every New Year's day started out as a matter of duty to visit the houses of all their friends. The good wives who received them were arrayed in their Sunday finest and had bowls of steaming hot punch upon the "best room" table. The latter day Dutch descendants denied the punch and said it was coffee. The irreverent latter day champions of New Year's calling denied the punch also and told their opponents that their forefathers would not know a punch if they saw it and that they drank nothing but ill smelling hot gin.

Whatever it was that the good burghers drank, they succeeded in calling within the compass of the day upon every family of any note on Manhattan Island.

A New Year's Cyclone.

Is that a cyclone ragin'?
  Is the roof a-tumblin' down?
Is that a earthquake shakin'
  All the [illegible] in town?
Is that the river roarin'
  Above its banks of green?
Has Gabriel blowed his trumpet
  To make the dead serene?

They stood and heard in terror
  While loud the noise arose,
Like the warwhoops of the Indians,
  The shouts of foreign foes.
But a voice brought better comfort
  (Let not the sainted scoff):
"Thar ain't a bit of trouble;
  That's daddy swearin' off!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

A Time of Peril.

Clarissa—I'm always glad when New Year's day is safely over.

Fidelia—Yes; it is a saddening anniversary.

Clarissa—Oh, I don't mean that. Clarence and I always have a horrid quarrel suggesting improvements in each other's conduct.

To 'Naughty-two.

Come in, New Year, come in, come in;
Don't stand out there in the cold and grin.
Put on some clothes; your legs are bare;
You haven't half enough to wear.
The old man's gone; the coast is clear;
The world's your oyster, kid New Year!
—Chicago Tribune.

Stock on Hand.

Bradds—Going to make any new resolutions this year, Spikes?

Spikes—New ones? I should say not. I've got a lot of old ones I've never used, by Jove!

Wreckage.

Break, break, break—
  No, not the waves of the sea—
Only the resolutions
  That the foolish made, ah, me!
—S. E. Kiser.

Hoped He Might Improve.

Husband (vituperatively)—I was an idiot when I married you, Mary.

Wife (quietly)—Yes, Tom, I knew you were. But what could I do? You seemed my only chance, and I thought then that you might improve a little with time.—Washington Times.

His Jubilee.

Judge—Are you aware of any mitigating circumstances in your case?

Criminal—Yes, your honor; this is the fiftieth time I have been arrested for vagrancy, and I thought that perhaps we might get up a little jubilee.

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Irate Author—What did you do with that article of mine on the American forests?

Editor—Well, sir, to make a long story short, I cut it down.—Baltimore American.

Gold nuggets from the Klondike present a structure and appearance quite different from those of any other locality.

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But the invitation has again to be repeated, this time by the master of the house in the person of his servant, or "swat," who, with mace in hand, performs his mission. On entering each house he offers a prayer before the shrine of the saint to which it is dedicated. He then delivers the invitation in the name of his master and mistress. At first, according to etiquette, the invitation is refused, but after much pressing it is finally accepted. When the day arrives, the young ladies who are the heroines of the season appear in a sledge accompanied by their mother and favorite companion, generally a girl of inferior rank, who sits at their feet. This sledge is followed by another containing tirewomen charged with caskets and dressing boxes. Other sledges follow, the longer the procession the greater honor to the house visited. On the arrival the host and hostess meet the guests at the gate, bow without speaking and conduct them into the house.—New York World.

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"Have you kept your New Year's resolutions?"

"Yes, I have faithfully kept a New Year's resolution that I made three or four years ago."

"What was it?"

"Never to make any more resolutions."—Washington Star.

An Arrested Intelligence.

"Charlie Banks isn't as slow as he seems."

"How is that?"

"He woke up yesterday and asked what year it is."

His Happy Calls.

Wilkins—How many calls did you make yesterday?

Dilkins—Three, and, say, it was the best game of poker I ever sat in!

THE OLD and THE NEW

The New Year came to the Old Year's door
  When the sands were wasting thin,
And the frost lay white on the Old Year's thatch,
And his hand grew chill as he slipped the latch
  To let the New Year in.

And the New Year perched in the Old Year's chair
  And warmed by the Old Year's fire,
And the Old Year watched him with wistful gaze
As he stretched his hands to the fading blaze
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And the Old Year prated, as Old Years will,
  Of summer and vanished spring,
And then of the future, with grave advice,
Of love and sorrow and sacrifice
  That the seasons' round would bring.

And the New Year listened and warmed his heart
  In the bloom of the Old Year's past,
But he gave no heed of the thorns that lay
In the bud and blow of a coming day,
  And, nodding, he dreamed at last.

The New Year came to the Old Year's door
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And the Old Year talked till the New Year slept,
Then forth in the night he softly stepped
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"How about those good resolutions you made the first of the year?"

"Oh, they are still good."—Smart Set.

Foolish Resolutions.

The New Year's vows that Perkins made
  To keep will prove a strain.
He vowed to shave himself this year
  And use not words profane.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS

By James Simpson Scott

Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson

It wasn't Tom Dale's fault that the Vulcan Iron works had failed and thrown 1,500 men out within three months after his marriage. The young wife went home to her parents in the country, and Tom packed up his tools and started for London. A man with a trade and such a character as he had in his pocket must find a shop in London open to him.

"No Admittance," "No Hands Wanted," were the signs which met his eye day after day. At the end of a month he was taking pot luck with the vagabonds of the street. He had pawned everything he could spare except his tools. He realized that if he parted with them his last hope was gone. After a month of bitter trial he found queer thoughts creeping into his mind. The world was against him. He had the skill and muscle to earn his way, but he could not exchange them for life sustaining food. Sitting on a park bench one long night, starving, Tom Dale reached a decision.

The next day was not spent in looking for work, but in inspecting houses and stores with a view to burglary when night fell. By midafternoon he had located his house. He had seen a little old woman emerge with an air of proprietorship. The house was old fashioned and solid, and the mistress was doubtless in comfortable circumstances. From 5 o'clock in the afternoon till 11 at night the machinist sat in a park, dozing, waiting.

An old woman and her servants ought to be asleep by 11 o'clock, reasoned Tom Dale, and when the clock had chimed a quarter after the hour he was at work. He was surprised to find how easy it was to reach a shuttered window in the rear, cut out the slats and file off the catch. The sash was locked and bolted, but saw and file soon did the trick, and he was inside. An electric light from the street enabled Tom to make his way down the second floor hall to a bedroom. The [illegible] slightly [illegible] He knew that the sleeper was the old woman. Only [illegible] night lights and [illegible] between their stores. He was creeping toward the light on hands and knees when he heard a slight rustle in the hall. Tom had scarcely concealed himself when the old manservant entered with a shaded light in one hand and a hatchet in the other. He carefully locked the door. Then he removed the shade from his light, placed it on the stand, and, advancing to the bed, he stood looking down for a minute at the sleeping woman. Then he raised the hatchet to strike. Suddenly it was wrenched from his hand, and he was thrown to the floor.

Not one person in ten thousand would have acted as that old woman did. She awoke with a cry as the men fell to the floor and struggled, but there was only one cry. She got out of bed, turned up her light and looked at them with more curiosity than amazement. She saw that the door was shut and locked, saw the hatchet, her old servant and a strange man. The stranger was holding her servant by the throat.

THE HATCHET WAS WRENCHED FROM HIS HAND.

"Can you explain this?" she asked of him as he loosened his hold and stood up.

"I came here to rob you," he replied frankly, "but I had scarcely entered your room when this man came in. He was ready to strike you in your sleep when I grabbed him."

"After fifteen years of service he would have murdered me for the money I brought home this afternoon!" sighed the old woman as she looked at the cringing servant. "Thomas, you may go."

Then, motioning Dale to sit down, she fumbled under her pillow for her snuffbox and took a hearty pinch.

"Young man, you are not a professional burglar, I take it? You don't look as if you would hurt anybody. Perhaps you've made a mistake and got in here by accident."

"I'm a burglar, sure enough," answered Dale, "though this is the first time I ever tried it."

"You have the hands of a mechanic. Are you going to give up honest work and turn burglar? You may rob a house or two, but the police will be sure to catch you. Stand more in the light. I want to get a better view of your face. Humph! Sit down and tell me what's the matter with you."

Then Dale told his story from beginning to end, and there was a ring in his voice and a light in his eyes which stamped it as true.

"Yes, I knew it was hard times," she said when he had finished, "but I had no idea that honest men might be driven to such stress. Yesterday I gave £50 to the heathen fund, while you and hundreds of other Englishmen at home were walking the streets in hunger. I happen to be a stockholder in the Vulcan works. You see, it hits me as well as you."

"But you are not wanting for bread," replied Dale. "You have a house, a home, a bed to sleep in and three meals a day. Before God, if I'd had three pence in my pocket this night I would not have come in here as I have."

"Young man, what will a hundred pounds do for you?"

"A hundred pounds!" gasped Dale. "God! Think of it! It would mean it would take me to my wife; it would give me heart and ambition and faith. But you can't mean it. I am a burglar. I ought to be sent to prison."

"Just hand me that box on the cabinet," quietly remarked the old woman. "This is a matter we might as well close up at once and get you on the straight road again. Five twenties make a hundred, and there you are. We'll say fifty because you are an honest workman out of luck and the other fifty for being on hand to interfere with Thomas. Really, but I must give him a good talking to if he would stay on with me. He has robbed me several times, but I never thought he'd plan murder. And now, young man"

"But I can't take the money. I can't do it!" interrupted the penitent burglar as the tears ran down his cheeks. "Think of it! I am here to rob you! I won't touch a penny of your money!"

"Pooh! Pooh! Don't make a scene. Put that money in your pocket and let this be a secret between us. It is late, and I am sleepy. Can you get out where you came in?"

"I can, but"

"Then do so. Here, have a pinch of snuff with me, and would you mind turning that light down a little? That's it. Of course you'll take the morning train for home. Good night and goodby, and my best regards to your wife."

The Case Was Dismissed.

While I was loafing around a small town in Nebraska I dropped into the courthouse to hear the case of a man who was to be tried for horse stealing. He had been in jail for three months, and it was said that the state had a sure case against him. After disposing of several other cases the judge called that of the [illegible] and [illegible] inquired of [illegible]:

"Have you got Joe White here as a witness?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "Joe White stole a cow and ran away."

"Have you got Jim Watkins?"

"No, sir. Jim was drowned a month ago in the big flood."

"How about Moses Benson?"

"Moses has gone to Dakota."

"And John Shevlin?"

"He's run away to Iowa."

"Any more witnesses against the defendant?"

"No, sir."

"Then we'll try him without any. Perhaps he'll plead guilty. Bring him in."

"But I can't, sir."

"For why?"

"Because he broke jail last night and is fifty miles away by this time."

"Oh, I see! Well, I'll dismiss the case and take up that of Tom Langley for stealing a calf. I know we can convict him anyhow, for he stole the calf from me!"

The Makeup of a Consul.

A consul is, in a certain sense, the representative of his country. To the people among whom he is stationed and to the local authorities he is the impersonation of his government. He should be a man of dignity, of self possession, of good address and bearing, of tact and discretion, who should command the respect and confidence of foreign merchants and officials and who should be honored even by his traveling countrymen.

When Prince Gortchakof was at the head of the Russian foreign office, the candidates for the diplomatic service after passing the examination were always granted an audience with his excellency, who then made a final decision by observing the manner in which they entered the room, the way in which they addressed him and their general deportment during the interview. A consul may know all about invoices and ships and also about seals and sealing wax, but if he be rude and undignified, if he lack savoir faire and savoir vivre, he could serve his country to better advantage in that obscure region known as "the classic shades of private life."—Forum.

The Card Table In Crimson Gulch.

"Do you think it is polite," said the foolish stranger in Crimson Gulch, "for a man to sit in his shirt sleeves and play cards all day?"

"Yes, sir," answered Three Finger Sam, "and maybe it'll be for your own good to remind you that the fewer sleeves a man has on when he plays cards around here the less liable he is to fall under suspicion."—Washington Star.

Satisfaction.

Casey—Kelly called me a loyer, but Oi got satisfaction out av him.

Rooney—Ye did?

Casey—Oi did! He knocked out two av me teeth thot hov bin throubling me fer months.—Puck.

Dolly's Explanation.

"Mother, what are twins?" asked little Bobbie.

"I know," chimed in Dolly. "Twins is two babies just the same age; three babies is triplets, four is quadrupeds, and five is centipeds."

His Peripatetic Lunch.

Waitress (at quick lunch stand)—Do you want to eat this sandwich here or take it with you?

Gentleman—Both.—Harvard Lampoon.

Pure Selfishness.

Mae—How did Bessie raise the money to go abroad and study music?

Ethel—The neighbors took up a subscription, I believe.—Puck.

Special Sale

All our fall and winter pattern hats, untrimmed hats and winter millinery will be closed out at and below cost.

For rare bargains call and see us.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Just Received!
The Finest and most complet line of
Picture Mouldings
ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.
"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa

Leonard Koenig,
located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of
PAINTING
AND
DECORATING.
UPHOLSTERING
Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.
Smethport. - Penna.

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to F. H. Nourse
LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn
First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
Directly Opposite Court House,
SMETHPORT, PA.

For a
FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW
Step into the
Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars and
Fine Confectioneries
Always on Hand.
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

Palmer & Dodge,
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.
March 1, 1900.

NEW YEAR'S AT BLUE RIDGE

"SPEAKING of New Year's," said the Nevadian, "I always call to mind this time of year the blowoff we boys give a young doctor chap who came up to Blue Ridge just at the time that camp was the liveliest, to which I might add that though the days of the Ridge was few in the land, as the book says, while it did last there was no camp on the Pacific slope from Puget sound to the Rio Grande that could furnish as much fun in a week as transpired in Blue Ridge every twenty four hours.

"But the sport didn't need no medicine. It was not, as you might say, a sickly neighborhood, which it seems [illegible] as how we had the most lively lookin' graveyard considering the population as you would find in all the Sierras. But the gents as populated the graveyard was mostly a lively and healthy lot up to and inclusive of the moment of their demise.

"That's what the boys was speaking of when the doctor came into camp.

"Long Bill remarked to me that the boys who was hurt ought to make an effort to last until the doctor could arrive, which would give him a legal claim on any dust they might leave. He was just the kind of a chap for the camp if so it had been that there was any trade for him, for he was quiet, nervy, had more book learning than the editor and was cheerful and obliging, especially obliging, for he preached a beautiful sermon over the late dealer at the faro bank, though the said dealer had died of his wounds before Doc arrived.

"Some said as how we ought to send down in the valley where they were all shaking eternally with malaria and import a bunch of the shakers for Doc to practice on and pay him so much for the cleanup. He laughed when we proposed this and said it would be unprofessional, because he knew the party as had the practice in the valley.

"Then we proposed that thereafter, any party dying of his wounds before the Doc could arrive, the said party's effects should be levied upon for a fee to be paid to Doc.

"All the boys agreed to that, and we got so worked up over the prospect that a disagreement resulted that very night, in which a Wells Fargo shotgun messenger blew all the Latin parts out of a friend with a ten gauge duck gun, which the same, for purposes of stage robbers, was of a sawed off character. The party as was shot was mostly missing between his hips and his chest, the remains being only two-thirds, but we joyfully sent for Doc just the same.

"Well, he came, and when he saw the state of the case he said as he wasn't an undertaker he couldn't be of any service.

"Then we told him of the new rule and offered him the pile of the deceased, which was in a canvas sack behind the bar. He wouldn't take it, not even a sample for assay, and the disappointment of the boys was sad to see, especially the shotgun messenger, whose intentions had done honor to his heart and aim.

"It was a few days before New Year's that the editor showed us a piece in a San Francisco paper, which was a kind of local notice, stating that our Doc was going to be married to a lady in that city. That sets us thinking, and we thought harder than ever when the Doc tells us that he was going to leave us on New Year's day to take up his practice in San Francisco. We held a meeting and discussed the state of affairs, having a pretty good idea of how the land lay financially with Doc, because his money was on deposit with the express agent and he was chairman of our meeting.

"Well, at that meeting we laid out a plan that worked as slick as a diamond drill. On the day before New Year's Doc was sent for by Long Bill, who told him his old rheumatiz was working again like a forty stamp quartz mill. Doc prescribed, and when Bill asked what was the ante Doc said it would be $5. Bill said he'd hand it to him when he bid him goodby at the stage office next day. Then I sent for Doc and said that old bullet wound in my leg was on strike again, took my prescription and promised to pay next day.

"I don't suppose any doctor in the world ever had as busy a day as ours did that day. It seemed like every man in camp was sick. There was trouble about noon because the boys ran out of names of diseases, but I went up to Doc's office and copied out a lot of names from one of his books, and then we kept things booming. Some of the younger boys got stuck on the names of sicknesses I dealt out to them to make a choice from and played the whole deck, which seemed to puzzle Doc somewhat.

"Well, the next day we met and marched around to the stage about starting time, and there was Doc, looking a little worried, but he looked a lot more surprised when he saw all his patients so callish.

"We gave him a sendoff and an envelope."

"Did you ask what was in the envelope?" "I disremember the odd dollars, but it was enough over $5.00 to leave him that clear after he had paid his expenses down to the bay."—New York Journal.

HOLIDAY DECORATIONS.

Old Fashioned Greens Were Rosemary, Ivy and Bay.

The old fashioned holiday greens were rosemary, ivy and bay, but in the 2,000 tons of wreathing and decorating material which it is estimated that we now use every year there is a much greater variety. Best loved of all is the glossy red berried holly. "Holm" was the old English name for it, and it is thought to be identical with the "greenwood tree" of British ballads and of Robin Hood fame. On our side of the Atlantic the American holly, Ilex opaca, is found from Maine, where it grows as a shrub, to North and South Carolina, where it lifts a symmetrical cone of dark, shining leaves set with scarlet berry clusters along a beautiful trunk of gray and silver to the height of seventy or eighty feet.

Delaware and Maryland are usually credited with furnishing the best grades of holly to the holiday market, but their "Three X" brand, as seen after shipment to northern cities is not so finely berried as the Carolina holly, plentiful in the regions around Asheville.—Country Life In America.

New Year's Calls.

New Year's calling in New York was [illegible] the outgrowth of an early [illegible] [illegible] over to the [illegible] of good [illegible].

In the early days of Manhattan Island the male Dutch settlers every New Year's day started out as a matter of duty to visit the houses of all their friends. The good wives who received them were arrayed in their Sunday finest and had bowls of steaming hot punch upon the "best room" table. The latter day Dutch descendants denied the punch and said it was coffee. The irreverent latter day champions of New Year's calling denied the punch also and told their opponents that their forefathers would not know a punch if they saw it and that they drank nothing but ill smelling hot gin.

Whatever it was that the good burghers drank, they succeeded in calling within the compass of the day upon every family of any note on Manhattan island.

A New Year's Cyclone.

Is that a cyclone ragin'?
  Is the roof a-tumblin' down?
Is that a earthquake shakin'
  All the [illegible] in town?
Is that the river roarin'
  Above its banks of green?
Has Gabriel blowed his trumpet
  To make the dead serene?

They stood and heard in terror
  While loud the noise arose,
Like the warwhoops of the Indians,
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But a voice brought better comfort
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"Thar ain't a bit of trouble;
  That's daddy swearin' off!"
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Clarissa—I'm always glad when New Year's day is safely over.

Fidelia—Yes; it is a saddening anniversary.

Clarissa—Oh, I don't mean that. Clarence and I always have a horrid quarrel suggesting improvements in each other's conduct.

To 'Noughty-two.

Come in, New Year, come in, come in;
Don't stand out there in the cold and grin.
Put on some clothes; your legs are bare;
You haven't half enough to wear.
The old man's gone; the coast is clear;
The world's your oyster, kid New Year!
    Chicago Tribune.

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Bradds—Going to make any new resolutions this year, Spikes?

Spikes—New ones? I should say not. I've got a lot of old ones I've never used, by Jove!

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Husband (vituperatively)—I was an idiot when I married you, Mary.

Wife (quietly)—Yes, Tom, I knew you were. But what could I do? You seemed my only chance, and I thought then that you might improve a little with time.—Washington Times.

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Judge—Are you aware of any mitigating circumstances in your case?

Criminal—Yes, your honor; this is the fiftieth time I have been arrested for vagrancy, and I thought that perhaps we might get up a little jubilee.

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It wasn't Tom Dale's fault that the Vulcan Iron works had failed and thrown 1,500 men out within three months after his marriage. The young wife went home to her parents in the country, and Tom packed up his tools and started for London. A man with a trade and such a character as he had in his pocket must find a shop in London open to him.

"No Admittance," "No Hands Wanted," were the signs which met his eye day after day. At the end of a month he was taking pot luck with the vagabonds of the street. He had pawned everything he could spare except his tools. He realized that if he parted with them his last hope was gone. After a month of bitter trial he found queer thoughts creeping into his mind. The world was against him. He had the skill and muscle to earn his way, but he could not exchange them for life sustaining food. Sitting on a park bench one long night, starving, Tom Dale reached a decision.

The next day was not spent in looking for work, but in inspecting houses and stores with a view to burglary when night fell. By midafternoon he had located his house. He had seen a little old woman emerge with an air of proprietorship. The house was old fashioned and solid, and the mistress was doubtless in comfortable circumstances. From 5 o'clock in the afternoon till 11 at night the machinist sat in a park, dozing, waiting.

An old woman and her servants ought to be asleep by 11 o'clock, reasoned Tom Dale, and when the clock had chimed a quarter after the hour he was at work. He was surprised to find how easy it was to reach a shuttered window in the rear, cut out the slats and file off the catch. The sash was locked and bolted, but saw and file soon did the trick, and he was inside. An electric light from the street [illegible] enabled him to [illegible] his way down the second floor hall to a bedroom. The [illegible] slept [illegible]. He knew [illegible] the old woman. Only [illegible] night lights and [illegible] between them stands. He was creeping toward the [illegible] on hands and knees when he heard a slight rustle in the hall. Tom had scarcely concealed himself when the old manservant entered with a shaded light in one hand and a hatchet in the other. He carefully locked the door. Then he removed the shade from his light, placed it on the stand, and, advancing to the bed, he stood looking down for a minute at the sleeping woman. Then he raised the hatchet to strike. Suddenly it was wrenched from his hand, and he was thrown to the floor.

Not one person in ten thousand would have acted as that old woman did. She awoke with a cry as the men fell to the floor and struggled, but there was only one cry. She got out of bed, turned up her light and looked at them with more curiosity than amazement. She saw that the door was shut and locked, saw the hatchet, her old servant and a strange man. The stranger was holding her servant by the throat.

THE HATCHET WAS WRENCHED FROM HIS HAND.

"Can you explain this?" she asked of him as he loosened his hold and stood up.

"I came here to rob you," he replied frankly, "but I had scarcely entered your room when this man came in. He was ready to strike you in your sleep when I grabbed him."

"After fifteen years of service he would have murdered me for the money I brought home this afternoon!" sighed the old woman as she looked at the cringing servant. "Thomas, you may go."

Then, motioning Dale to sit down, she fumbled under her pillow for her snuffbox and took a hearty pinch.

"Young man, you are not a professional burglar, I take it? You don't look as if you would hurt anybody. Perhaps you've made a mistake and got in here by accident."

"I'm a burglar, sure enough," answered Dale, "though this is the first time I ever tried it."

"You have the hands of a mechanic. Are you going to give up honest work and turn burglar? You may rob a house or two, but the police will be sure to catch you. Stand more in the light. I want to get a better view of your face. Humph! Sit down and tell me what's the matter with you."

Then Dale told his story from beginning to end, and there was a ring in his voice and a light in his eyes which stamped it as true.

"Yes, I knew it was hard times," she said when he had finished, "but I had no idea that honest men might be driven to such stress. Yesterday I gave £50 to the heathen fund, while you and hundreds of other Englishmen at home were walking the streets in hunger. I happen to be a stockholder in the Vulcan works. You see, it hits me as well as you."

"But you are not wanting for bread," replied Dale. "You have a house, a home, a bed to sleep in and three meals a day. Before God, if I'd had three pence in my pocket this night I would not have come in here as I have."

"Young man, what will a hundred pounds do for you?"

"A hundred pounds!" gasped Dale. "God! Think of it! It would mean it would take me to my wife; it would give me heart and ambition and faith. But you can't mean it. I am a burglar. I ought to be sent to prison."

"Just hand me that box on the cabinet," quietly remarked the old woman. "This is a matter we might as well close up at once and get you on the straight road again. Five twenties make a hundred, and there you are. We'll say fifty because you are an honest workman out of luck and the other fifty for being on hand to interfere with Thomas. Really, but I must give him a good talking to if he would stay on with me. He has robbed me several times, but I never thought he'd plan murder. And now, young man"—

"But I can't take the money. I can't do it!" interrupted the penitent burglar as the tears ran down his cheeks. "Think of it! I am here to rob you! I won't touch a penny of your money!"

"Pooh! Pooh! Don't make a scene. Put that money in your pocket and let this be a secret between us. It is late, and I am sleepy. Can you get out where you came in?"

"I can, but"—

"Then do so. Here, have a pinch of snuff with me, and would you mind turning that light down a little? That's it. Of course you'll take the morning train for home. Good night and goodby, and my best regards to your wife."

The Case Was Dismissed.

While I was loafing around a small town in Nebraska I dropped into the courthouse to hear the case of a man who was to be tried for horse stealing. He had been [illegible] three months, and it was [illegible] that the state had a sure case against him. After disposing of [illegible] the judge [illegible] of a horse thief [illegible] required of a [illegible].

"Have you got Joe White here as a witness?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "Joe White stole a cow and ran away."

"Have you got Jim Watkins?"

"No, sir. Jim was drowned a month ago in the big flood."

"How about Moses Benson?"

"Moses has gone to Dakota."

"And John Shevlin?"

"He's run away to Iowa."

"Any more witnesses against the defendant?"

"No, sir."

"Then we'll try him without any. Perhaps he'll plead guilty. Bring him in."

"But I can't, sir."

"For why?"

"Because he broke jail last night and is fifty miles away by this time."

"Oh, I see! Well, I'll dismiss the case and take up that of Tom Langley for stealing a calf. I know we can convict him anyhow, for he stole the calf from me!"

The Makeup of a Consul.

A consul is, in a certain sense, the representative of his country. To the people among whom he is stationed and to the local authorities he is the impersonation of his government. He should be a man of dignity, of self possession, of good address and bearing, of tact and discretion, who should command the respect and confidence of foreign merchants and officials and who should be honored even by his traveling countrymen.

When Prince Gortchakof was at the head of the Russian foreign office, the candidates for the diplomatic service after passing the examination were always granted an audience with his excellency, who then made a final decision by observing the manner in which they entered the room, the way in which they addressed him and their general deportment during the interview. A consul may know all about invoices and ships and also about seals and sealing wax, but if he be rude and undignified, if he lack savoir faire and savoir vivre, he could serve his country to better advantage in that obscure region known as "the classic shades of private life."—Forum.

The Card Table In Crimson Gulch.

"Do you think it is polite," said the foolish stranger in Crimson Gulch, "for a man to sit in his shirt sleeves and play cards all day?"

"Yes, sir," answered Three Finger Sam, "and maybe it'll be for your own good to remind you that the fewer sleeves a man has on when he plays cards around here the less liable he is to fall under suspicion."—Washington Star.

Satisfaction.

Casey—Kelly called me a loyer, but Oi got satisfaction out av him.

Rooney—Ye did?

Casey—Oi did! He knocked out two av me teeth thot hov bin throubling me fer months.—Puck.

Dolly's Explanation.

"Mother, what are twins?" asked little Bobbie.

"I know," chimed in Dolly. "Twins is two babies just the same age; three babies is triplets, four is quadrupeds, and five is centipeds."

His Peripatetic Lunch.

Waitress (at quick lunch stand)—Do you want to eat this sandwich here or take it with you?

Gentleman—Both.—Harvard Lampoon.

Pure Selfishness.

Mac—How did Bessie raise the money to go abroad and study music?

Ethel—The neighbors took up a subscription, I believe.—Puck.

Special Sale

All our fall and winter pattern hats, untrimmed hats and winter millinery will be closed out at and below cost.

For rare bargains call and see us.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complet line of
Picture Mouldings
ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.
"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

Leonard Koenig,
located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of
PAINTING
AND
DECORATING.
UPHOLSTERING
Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.
Smethport, - Penna.

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)
LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn
First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
Directly Opposite Court House,
SMETHPORT, PA.

For a
FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW
Step into the
Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars and
Fine Confectioneries
Always on Hand.
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

Palmer & Dodge,
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.
March 1, 1900.

Christmas Shopping in Bradford.

Saves time, worry and expense. Several Bradford shops carry as fine lines as are displayed in Buffalo. Prill is one of these. No more complete line of high class gift goods is shown anywhere in this neighborhood, the only difference being that Prill's prices are about two-thirds those of Buffalo dealers.

Christmas goods in Jewelry, Watches, Silverware, Fancy Clocks, Bric a Brac and all the lines that go to make up a first-class jewelry house stock are to be found. It is the most complete stock and the most attractive store in Bradford.

DIAMONDS. An Unique Offer.

All diamonds sold here are guaranteed to be exactly as represented. The prices are all marked in plain figures. If after purchase the buyer is dissatisfied (for any cause) the full purchase price will be refunded upon return of the stone.

Prill,
ART JEWELER
Bradford, Pa.

7 Main Street.

SILVERWARE,
NICKEL WARE,
FRENCH & AUSTRIAN CHINA,
ENGLISH PORCELAIN,
BRIC-A-BRAC,
GLASSWARE,
JAPANESE PIECES.
Useful as well as beautiful.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 1 1903

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See ad of Fry & Herzog.

—Mt. Jewett has a case of small-pox.

—Abe Warshofsky has a new ad in this issue.

—Read Shepard & Gallup's change of ad this week.

—If you are going to buy furniture see Sloan's ad first.

—"Hank" Goodman, the old minstrel man, has purchased an opera house in Friendship.

—A number of our exchanges followed the "time honored custom" and skipped an issue last week.

—The Smethport Plumbing Co. has a new ad to-day in regard to an improved water heater. Don't fail to read it.

—William Monheimer, proprietor of "The Famous" clothing store, has something of interest to say in his ad this week.

—The week of prayer will be observed every evening next week at eight o'clock except Saturday evening at the Methodist church.

—The Smethport Plumbing Co. has the contract for doing the plumbing in the new bank building at Austin. A force of men are at work on the job.

—Nate Salisbury, the showman who owned the controlling interest in the Buffalo Bill Wild West show, died in Long Branch on Wednesday of last week, aged 57 years.

—Eight of Kane's jolly young boys and girls drove to Mt. Jewett for supper Thursday afternoon. It was in honor of Miss Sarah Greer, who is a guest in town.—Kane Republican.

—Austin sports pull off boxing contests in that town with charming regularity. At a mill recently held Johnny O'Donnell of Buffalo bested Kid Hogan of Chicago in 2 minutes and 40 seconds.

—Mr. and Mrs. Paul P. Lyon of Smethport have moved their home to Mt. Jewett and have established themselves in the rooms on the second floor of the Mellander building.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—An exchange says "the biggest" trust on earth is the county newspaper trust. It trusts everybody, gets cussed for trusting, mistrusted for cussing, and if it busts for trusting gets cussed for busting.

—A Kansas farmer planted a row of corn twenty-five miles long, says an exchange. He plowed a fifty acre field in a continuous circle. His object was to attain curiosity but he has found his long row was a time saver as there was no turning at the end of the rows.

According to the Enterprise E. W. Butterworth was granted a divorce from Winifred Butterworth at a recent term of court in Potter county.

—F. L. [illegible] has resigned his position as city editor of the Olean Times and taken a position on a Durango, Col., daily, says an exchange. John F. Coad, for some time editor of the Olean Herald, has transferred his services to the Times.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Youmans of Smethport were in Ulysses Monday afternoon on their way to West Covington to attend the funeral of Mr. Youman's sister, Mrs. Contine Conley. On their return they will visit friends at Little Marsh and at Westfield.—Ulysses Sentinel.

The county commissioners will leave for Warren next Tuesday and expect to return the following day with many of the insane sent there from this county. They will be brought here in a special through car, accompanied by one or two of their present attendants, who will be retained here to look after them until someone from this locality can be secured.—Potter Journal.

—Another Rochester, N. Y., girl has met a tragic death. Dollie Earle, an actress, whose real name is Dollie Allen, committed suicide in her dressing room at a burlesque theatre in Philadelphia Sunday last. Dollie Earle was formerly a well known vocalist in comic opera, but her voice failed and she appeared with various burlesque companies. Her parents are said to be wealthy residents of Rochester.

—Editor Mundy offers for sale a second-hand overcoat for $2. If it's the one he wore last winter no one will chase after it, says the Galeton Leader. That's an awful jar for John's bachelor make-up.—Austin Autograph. It is hardly possible that the overcoat in question belongs to John. A newspaper man who fortunately possesses that useful article of clothing would hardly part with it for $2, especially at this season of the year.

Why Suffer With Your Kidneys?

The discovery of Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Kidney Tablets has proved a blessing to thousands of kidney sufferers who have been restored to perfect health. These tablets drive the kidney disease germs out of the blood and prevent accumulation of uric acid in the system. We urge all sufferers to give this successful and scientific kidney remedy a trial. They come in two sizes, 25 and 50 cents. Come and get a trial treatment free at J. W. Voorhees.

Cure Your Catarrh Now.

V. Van Dorn, 2011 Avenue B, Birmingham, Ala., writes: "I have had catarrh in one of the worst forms for 20 years, and after using Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Inhaler for two days feel entirely relieved and believe by its continued use I will get cured." Sold at 50 cents on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

Use the Redfield mantle.

WHERE PEOPLE SEE PEOPLE

F Street In Washington Is a Famous Promenade.

"I believe that F street, in Washington, is the greatest place in the world for people to stroll up and down the thoroughfare and scan each other," said a close observer, who has traveled considerably, as he himself walked along the well known street. "It seems to be understood here," he continued, "that promptly at 4 o'clock, when the weather is pleasant, there should be a general promenade. If a woman's or man's dress takes well on F street, it is safe to say that the attire will pass muster anywhere. As to the variety of dress well, you may see anything on F street from the stylishly dressed millionaire's daughter or wife to the schoolgirl. Many of the upper class of young ladies who have carriages at their disposal very often dismiss their coachman when shopping on F street and walk from store to store simply to mingle with the crowd and get a look at the other people.

"F street certainly beats all the other cities for this amusement," he said in conclusion, "and, although I have only been here a short time, the fever has already struck me, and every day at 4 p. m. I feel a desire come over me to dress up and start in at Fifteenth street and walk along F street and back again."—Washington Post.

A Pretty Bad Imitation.

A certain well known Bostonian is an enthusiastic Yale man and in college was a member of the glee club and was famous for his yodel, which was "artless and [illegible]." While on a shooting trip [illegible] a classmate in the party recollected this accomplishment, which it was reported that the guide was from Switzerland, said one night as they were smoking around the campfire:

"Jack, give us a yodel as you did in college. The guide will appreciate it."

And Jack yodeled with a strength and brilliancy never before equaled at a concert or "on the fence." After the air was again at rest and the frightened animals afar off had plucked up courage enough to stop running, the classmate said to the guide:

"Pfeiffer, doesn't that make you homesick?"

And the genuine Switzer responded, "No, only sick."—New York Times.

Willow Trees In America.

The weeping willow tree came to America through the medium of Alexander Pope, the poet, who planted a willow twig on the banks of the Thames at his Twickenham villa. The twig came to him in a box of figs sent from Smyrna by a friend who had lost all in the south sea bubble and had gone to that distant land to recoup his fortunes. A young British officer who came to Boston with the army to crush the rebellion of the American colonies brought with him a twig from Pope's now beautiful willow tree, intending to plant it in America when he should comfortably settle down on lands confiscated from the conquered Americans. [illegible] disappointed in these expectations [illegible] willow twig [illegible] Custis, [illegible] who planted it [illegible] estate, in Virginia. [illegible] the progenitor of all our willow trees.

Ask "Why?"

If boys [illegible] at school all about education, that would only leave them very dull persons. The object of their education at school is to give boys mental alertness and an eternal curiosity, and its real test is whether it leaves them always saying to themselves, "Why?" I do not know whether you have ever thought about it, but all the great discoveries of the world have come because some one has asked that question. The records of industry show nothing more clearly than that all real mental skill depends on asking questions. The answer is sure to follow. The real mental capacity is not displayed by the man who answers the question, but by the man who asks it.—Bishop Creighton's "Thoughts on Education."

Browning.

Browning loaned Lord Coleridge one of his works to read, and afterward, meeting the poet, the lord chief justice said to him: "What I could understand I heartily admired, and parts ought to be immortal. But as to much of it I really could not tell whether I admired it or not, because for the life of me I could not understand it."

Browning replied, "If a reader of your caliber understands 10 per cent of what I write, I think I ought to be content."

WAGE EARNERS.

Systematic saving is the key to success—the road to wealth. There are many people ready to help you to spend your hard earned dollars—we will help you to save them and make them earn other dollars. You can bank by mail with ease and safety.

Established 1862.
$9,000,000 Deposits.
26,500 Depositors.
4 per cent. Interest.

Mention this paper when you write, and we'll mail a valuable booklet on Money Making.

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS,
Smithfield St. & Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gaskin & Grant.

NEWS STAND.

Cigars, Tobacco.
Nuts & Candies
Fruits and Vegetables
in season.

We have in stock an elegant line of Stationery. Call and see it.

Fretful Children

This getting up every night with the baby, or some of the other children, is all wrong.

Not that the children are to blame. If it's the baby probably his food is wrong. Vinol will help his mother stand the strain of nursing. I have often seen whole families of older children keep the parents awake o' nights. First one, then the other is ailing.

These children seem well enough at times; but they are white, hollow-eyed, often listless, with irregular appetites, peevish and fretful, wakeful at night, and constantly taking cold.

The use of Vinol, in conjunction with Vinlax to regulate the bowels, will benefit these children almost in a day.

We know this because the examples are so numerous right around home.

There is nothing in Vinol that can hurt them. It is pleasant to take, and the amount necessary to give the children a start costs but little. Besides, if it doesn't do the work, we will give you the money back.

There is nothing so good for weak and tired mothers and ailing children as Vinol. It gives them a start, and helps them keep it, and it's splendid for old people.

J. W. VOORHEES,
DRUGGIST.

THE FAMOUS.

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

Prices Greatly Reduced

on Men's and Boys'

SUITS and OVERCOATS.

Could not have done this earlier, because there were no broken lots. There are a few now—not many of a kind, but a good many kinds we want to close out.

Men of Smethport,

if you want [illegible] overcoat [illegible] it is to your interest [illegible] before you go [illegible]

Your Money's Worth or
Your Money Back.

Wm. Monheimer.

MICA AXLE GREASE

Makes short roads.
And light loads.
Good for everything that runs on wheels.

Sold Everywhere.
Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

THE CLARION State Normal School

Provides Special Training for Teachers.
Prepares Young People for College.
Offers Excellent Facilities for General Education.

FREE TUITION.

Living Expenses Very Low.

Winter term begins Tuesday, Dec. 30.

For further particulars call on or address

DR. SAMUEL WEIR, Principal
Clarion, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

HOLIDAY GIFTS!

I am not going to say very much about my line of Christmas and New Year Gifts simply because the stock shows for itself.

My Stock

is larger than ever before and was purchased by personal selection so that I give my personal guarantee that every article is just what it is represented by my salesmen. There is not a cheap, trashy thing in my store. Every article is of the best make and worth the full price asked.

J. W. Voorhees,
Palace Pharmacy Smethport, Pa.

Make Your Selection From These Brands:

WHISKIES	WINES
Hunter Wilson Guckenheimer	White Seal White Top
Tom Moore Seymour Club	Great Western
Meadville Rye	Imported Sherry Imported Port
Rose Club Private Stock	Tokay Catawba Rhine
Gibson and 45 others.	St. Julian and many others.

Cognac Brandies, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Jamaica Rum and nearly every popular brand of wine or liquor to be found in the country at very reasonable prices. Call and look over my stock.

A. J. Warshofsky,
Reilly Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right. We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,
Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

New Store, New Goods, New Prices, New Proprietors.

We are now prepared to do business in an up-to-date way.

Goods promptly delivered in any part of the borough, or at any reasonable distance in the country. Farm produce taken in exchange for groceries at market price.

All goods and prices guaranteed. We do not propose to be undersold. Yours to please,

Hagberg & Sherburne,
Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS—$1.50 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES

Display advertisements published at the rate of $[illegible] per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 1, 1903.

THREE men were killed and four seriously injured at a fire in the cooperage department of the Arbuckle sugar factory in New York last Friday.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT will not be the arbitrator of the Venezuelan controversy. The Hague tribunal will have the opportunity of showing its worth in settling this vexatious question.

THE sentiment in favor of the steady increase of the navy of the United States is practically unanimous. There is also a body of considerable prominence in favor of calling a halt in naval construction.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

LAURA BIGGAR, who has been on trial for conspiracy to seize the Bennett fortune, was freed on Wednesday of last week, while Dr. Hendricks and Samuel Stanton, indicted jointly with the actress on the same charge, were found guilty.

THE St. Louis World's Fair will no doubt be a remarkable exhibition, but the most remarkable thing about the State of Missouri is the fact that the officers of the law have succeeded in sending to jail rich politicians for political rascality.—Philadelphia Ledger.

WILLIAM L. ELKINS of Philadelphia has announced that he will found a home in that city to be known as the Home for Orphan Girls of Masons. The home will cost over $500,000 and will be under the management of the officers and board of managers of the Masonic Home of Pennsylvania. This institution came as a Christmas gift from Mr. Elkins and will accommodate 100 girls when completed.

AN unexpected decision of the Colorado State Canvassing Board in favor of a Republican contestant for an election certificate makes the lower branch of the Legislature Republican by three majority. The Senate still remains Democratic by thirteen majority. The music will begin when the Republicans attempt to unseat the fifteen Democratic Representatives from Arrapahoe county, elected by fraud. Colorado will be a center of political attraction during the next few weeks.

HADDAH MULLAH, who caused so many outbreaks on the northwest frontier of India, died December 22. Najmuddin, which was the real name of the Mad Mullah of Haddah, was practically the originator of the whole uprising of the northwestern frontier of India in 1897, which was suppressed only after months of severe campaigning. The Haddah Mullah—so called because his chief residence was Haddah or Adda, in the Jelalabad district, in the northwestern part of the Mohmand country—was years ago one of the foremost disciples of the famous Akhund of Swat. For years he was engaged in stirring up trouble for the Ameer of Kubal, and subsequently assisted in fomenting the hostility to the British which led to the Chitral expedition of 1895.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29, 1902.

The greatest triumph in the Roosevelt administration has just been scored in connection with the Venezuelan situation. Although the settlement of the anthracite coal strike has been brought closer home to the majority of the people, the skill and diplomacy with which the Allies have been brought, first to an acceptance of arbitration as a settlement of their difficulties with Venezuela, and then to the acceptance of the Hague Tribunal as the arbitrator, constitute an even greater triumph for the President and his Secretary of State. The Monroe Doctrine has been not only maintained but strengthened, Venezuela is about to be saved from further hardship and will be insured a just settlement of the claims against her and all possibility of friction between the United States and either or both of the interested powers has been averted.

Once persuaded that arbitration was the proper course, the Allies, doubtless largely inspired by personal admiration for the President, insisted that he must act as arbitrator, a course to which there were many objections. At no time did Mr. Roosevelt positively refuse to so act but he intrusted to the skillful diplomacy of Secretary Hay the task of making the Powers see that the present situation offered a most advantageous opportunity of demonstrating their confidence in the tribunal which they had themselves sanctioned and that the imposition of so onerous a task on the President was akin to taking advantage of good nature. That Mr. Hay has been eminently successful in this delicate undertaking is proven by the announced willingness of the Powers and of Venezuela to submit all matters in dispute to the Hague.

Another and distinct triumph for the President and the Secretary of State is to be found in the terms of the Cuban treaty which have been made public this week. In return for a uniform concession of 20 per cent from the Dingley tariff rates, allowed on Cuban goods, the United States secures the same discount on all goods entering Cuba and, in numerous instances, much greater concessions, the highest being 40 per cent on such goods as manufactured woolens and cottons, rice, watches, umbrellas, etc. So extensive are these special discounts that it is freely admitted that they will afford this country an absolute monopoly of the Cuban trade. Even with the 20 per cent off the sugar schedule, the producers of sugar in this country will enjoy a protection amounting to one and one-third cents per pound against Cuban competition and as most of the sugar growers are producers of other agricultural commodities they will be more than compensated for any slight loss on sugar by the advantages gained in other lines. The officers of the administration express confidence that the treaty will meet with the prompt approval of the members of Congress and that it will be ratified within the stipulated period, the month of January.

In the midst of the anxiety occasioned by the Venezuelan situation Germany and Great Britain have filed protests with the State Department against what they term a violation of the open door policy in the administration of the Philippine tariff. It seems that, with the consent of Congress, the Philippine Commission imposed an export tariff of $7.50 per ton on Manila hemp and fiber, but that this duty is rebated when the goods are shipped to the United States. This course has seriously affected English manufacturers of twine and rope who are no longer able to obtain the raw material at the prices to which they have been accustomed. Secretary Hay, in view of the fact that Philippine affairs are still under the jurisdiction of the War Department, referred the protest to Secretary Root and he in turn has sent it to the Philippine committee of the Senate. It is generally held, however, that the protest is not well grounded. No advantage has been taken for exports from the United States to the Philippines, all nations enjoying the same advantages as does this country. It is not possible, it is claimed, to maintain the open door policy to the same limit as it is done in China for instance, for the reason that China is an independent nation, whereas the Philippines are a possession of the United States and stand before the world more in the light of colonies. It is proverbial that nations seek for themselves the utmost advantage in their colonies and the authorities say that the United States has been exceptionally liberal in its administration of Philippine affairs.

Secretary Shaw said to-day that he did not believe it would be possible to secure currency legislation at this session of Congress. While he regarded it as possible that the House would pass the Fowler bill, authorizing the national banks to issue currency based on their assets, he feared that it would be impossible to secure consideration, by the Senate, of a measure which would provoke such extensive discussion. While there was no haste about the proceedings of Congress before the holidays when the members return to Washington and come to a realization of the fact that less than two months remain before the Congress will expire by limitation, they will be absolutely unwilling to take up any measure likely to precipitate extended debate. They will have, of course, to pass the regular appropriation bills and these become every session more extended and complex, requiring a vast amount of committee work in addition to the time necessary to explain their provisions on the floors of the Senate and the House. Secretary Shaw says he will continue his campaign of education and hopes to have so influenced public opinion before the Fifty-Eighth Congress convenes, as to secure prompt and favorable action on the bill.

The President and his family are spending an ideal holiday vacation. All of the children are at home and accompanied by one or more of them Mr. Roosevelt goes for a long ride each day. He does not go to his office unless compelled to by the most urgent business and has asked that callers exercise consideration and permit him to spend as much time with his family as possible. There is a considerable party of guests at the White House and while no formal entertainments will take place before the great New Year's day reception the evenings are merry and the formal little dinners which take place every evening are more enjoyable than ceremonious entertainments.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Incorporation Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on Monday, January 26th, 1903, at ten o'clock A. M., by Albert J. Loeffler, Albert G. Evans, H. D. McCandless, Robert H. McLure and Edwin G. Ferguson, under the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of Natural Gas Companies" approved May 29, 1885, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the Western Pennsylvania Natural Gas Company, the character and object of which is producing, dealing in, transporting, storing and supplying natural gas, and the places where its business is to be conducted are the counties of Allegheny, Armstrong Butler, Clarion, Elk, Fayette, Forest, Lawrence, McKean, Washington and Westmoreland, State of Pennsylvania; and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and the supplements thereto.

J. S. & E. G. FERGUSON,
Solicitors.

License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a hearing will be had at the Court House in the Borough of Smethport, on Saturday, January 3d, 1903, at 10 o'clock a. m., on the Petition of John C. Brenneman for a transfer of license granted to him on the 26th day of May, A. D. 1902, to sell intoxicating liquor at retail, from the Hotel Pasadena on the north side of Main street in the Village of Hazelhurst, Hamlin township, to the Reid House on the north side of Main street in the said Village of Hazelhurst.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Clerk.
Smethport, Pa., December 24th, 1902.

Brides

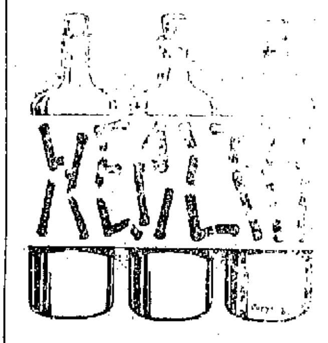
Are always "beautiful" and always "happy" according to the society reporters, and in this case the report is mostly true. There may be unhappy brides in fiction, but there are few in real life. But how hard it is to look upon many of the wives we know and believe that they were once beautiful and happy. Pain, the result of womanly disease, has marred beauty and undermined happiness.

Beauty and happiness are both restored to the sufferers from womanly diseases by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures the pain-producing ills peculiar to women, establishing regularity, drying weakening drains, healing inflammation and ulceration, and curing female weakness. It restores roundness to the sunken cheek and plumpness to the shrunken body.

"I have thought for some time I would write you and tell you of the great improvement in my health since taking your 'Favorite Prescription,'" says Mrs. H. S. Jones, of Forest, N. C. "When I began its use I was a physical wreck and had despaired of ever having my health again. Could not sit up all day, and was so weak I could not walk one quarter of a mile. I noted a great improvement in my health before the first bottle was used. Was suffering with almost every pain that a woman is subject to; had inflammation of ovaries, painful and suppressed periods and other symptoms of female disease. After taking six bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' I felt like a new person. Can ride horseback and take all kinds of exercise and not feel tired."

If you are led to the purchase of "Favorite Prescription" because of its remarkable cures of other women, do not accept a substitute which has none of these cures to its credit.

If you are looking for a perfect laxative try Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.



Shattered Health

can be repaired. There are remedies, if not certain cures, here for every ailment under the sun. Our stock of

Drugs and Medicines

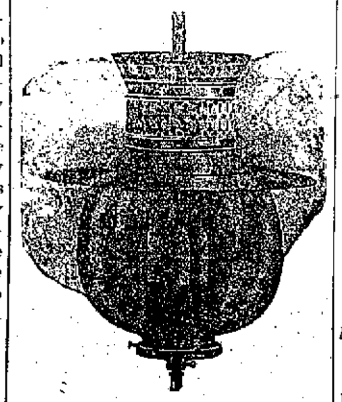
is the most complete in the city. May be necessary for the physician to decide what the medicine shall be. We can fill his

Prescriptions

by compounding accurately the purest and freshest drugs. What cannot be found in our line of Proprietary Articles cannot be considered the best. We carry all that are good.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.



These lamps are constructed upon stricly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W. STRONG.

BOTH 'PHONES.
RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

A NEW YEAR'S CALL

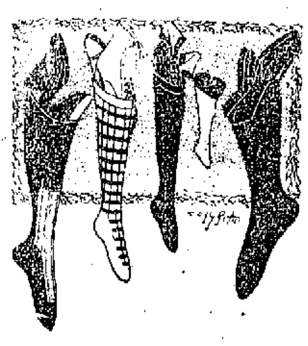
is an occasion of congratulation, but such a call at our store is doubly so, because every caller becomes a lucky purchaser and we exchange congratulations over the fact.

Profitable purchases are especially pleasant now when pleasant experiences are in order. Now that calls are the proper thing, permit us to call your attention to use

Thornton & Chester's "Best"
and
Pure Gold Flour.

"The Breadmakers."

SHEPARD & GALLUP,
The Leading Grocers.



The Shoes Are in the Stockings.

this time, or will be when the wise Santa Claus makes his rounds.

At present the shoes that will make the most pleasing

Holiday Gifts

are in our store. Got the largest, best assorted and finest line of Ladies', Men's, Boys', Misses' and Children's footwear.

Any of our large stock of shoes would certainly be worthy of putting into the best stocking.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

CHRISTMAS
Will Soon Be Here.

The usual problem confronts you—same old trouble as last year, "It's hard to find things to give men." If you find it so, a visit here will help you to decide and afford you relief. Our store is full of articles suitable for a man's Christmas. Run your eyes down this list. You will certainly strike something he would be delighted to have:

Overcoat, Smoking Jacket, Gloves,
Night Robe, Shirte, Hosiery,
Muffler, Rain Coat, Shirt Protector,
Handkerchiefs, Suit, Neckwear,
Suspenders, Bath Robe, Collars, Cuffs,
Caps, Umbrella, White Vest,
House Coat, Sweater, Etc., Etc.

When Christmas shopping we would be pleased to have you come here with your troubles and we'll fix "him" out.

H. W. RUBIN & CO.,
THE TERHUNE UNION MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.

PRICES OF WOOLEN GOODS
REDUCED

Spring will soon be here and in order to make room for new goods now being received, have decided to reduce prices on all my woolen goods.

All odd pieces of men's, women's and children's underwear will be sold at cost, and many pairs of woolen hose have been placed on the bargain counter, where if you can find anything that will fit or suit you, you can get a bargain.

Will also sell felt slippers and shoes at cost while they last. Have only a few pair left.

Call and look over bargains before it is too late for they will go radidly at prices I have put upon them.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., Dec. 29, 1902.

STYLISH PATTERNS
FOR
FALL AND WINTER.

SUITS, OVERCOATS, TROUSERS.

Our stock of the above goods is more complete than ever before. We have the very latest styles in Cheviots, Worsteds and all popular patterns.

And as for fit and style in making we guarantee each garment to be equal to anything made in the largest cities.

Shillenn & Torrence,
The Leading Tailors
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Place Your Confidence in Us.

When there is illness in your home and the critical period approaches, you find your self wondering if the medicine is really the best that can be obtained. So much depends upon the medicine! Bring your prescriptions to us, and you can be sure that none but the highest standard drugs and chemicals will be used and that every prescription will be filled with as much carefulness and accuracy as if they were for one in our own family. We would like an opportunity to demonstrate these facts to you.

Wells Pharmacy.

New Fall Hats.

All that is new in Hats for the coming season we have them. Any color, any style desired. Also a very large assortment of Boys' and Children's Hats and Caps; the latest novelties for little fellows and little girls. Our prices as usual are the lowest.

We also are showing some swell new things in neckwear.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store
Full Line of Negligee Shirts Now Open.

THE PRICE IS NEXT TO NOTHING.

Our Regular Annual Clean-up Sale Has Commenced.

CARPET REMNANTS
ODD PIECES OF FURNITURE.

In fact, everything goes. It means a saving to you to

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,
16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

Brasted's 1,500 Pounds CANDY
Received for Xmas Trade.

Queen Quality Shoes. **F. G. Lindholm & Co** Dry Goods and Carpets

CLEARING SALE OF

Cold Weather Needfuls.

Inventory time brings the best bargains of the year. All stocks must be reduced regardless of cost. We have adopted the one certain method—PRICE REDUCTIONS.

DRESS GOODS.

Remnant Sale of Black and Colored Dress Goods.

Ends and oddments of this season's New Goods, marked at a sacrifice to make a quick clearance before stock taking.

Many Skirt and Dress lengths in the lot.

Outing Flannel BLANKETS
COMFORTERS.

FURS
CLOAKS
SUITS
SKIRTS
BATH ROBES
WRAPPERS
WAISTS
SHOES

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Now Heat Your Home Comfortably with a Jewett Reflex Heater.

Even if gas costs 20c per thousand, it would be cheaper for you in a REFLEX than 15c gas in other makes. This is a positive fact, and REDFIELD, the HARDWARE DEALER, will prove it to you or refund your money. It beats using coal at any price.

All people have been more or less worried on the fuel subject. The JEWETT REFLEX will positively settle you worry in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a REFLEX because of its economy and HEATING POWER! Remember, your money back if you are not convinced.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 1, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Cross Fork has a new band.

—East Smethport has a new meat market.

—F. G. Lindholm & Co. have a new ad to-day.

—B., R. & P. Ry. employes have received a notice of an increase in wages of about 7 per cent.

—D. C. Young tells of low prices on goods in his ad this week. It will be to your advantage to call at his store at once.

—C. H. Kennedy's residence in Bradford was almost entirely destroyed by fire last Friday morning. Loss about $1,000.

—Several East Smethport young people will entertain their friends at a masquerade ball in Howe's hall to-morrow night.

—James Doyle of Mt. Jewett has been appointed to the office of mercantile appraiser. This selection gives general satisfaction.

—R. B. McCarty of Coudersport will bowl George Lyons of Bradford a ten pin contest Jan. 9 for $100 a side, says an exchange.

—The Republicans of Keating township will hold their primaries for the nomination of candidates for township offices on Saturday, January 24, 1903.

—"The Plea of This Year Also" is the pastor's subject for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. "How to Make the Sun Stand Still" is his subject for the evening.

—The condition of Mrs. George Shepard, who is undergoing treatment in a Buffalo hospital, is much improved and the lady is expected to be able to return home within two weeks.

—C. E. Ganung, who has been on D. C. Young's dairy farm at Larabee for the past four years will move off the first of March. Mr. Young is selecting a tenant to take his place.

—James McIntyre of the Star, who was injured at the fire which destroyed the Odd Fellows' building, is able to attend to his duties again, although he is quite lame.—Bradford Era.

—Next Sunday morning Rev. P. S. Calvin will speak on "Revivals of Religion." In the evening his subject will be, "Numbering our Days," or "Thoughts for the New Year."

—About twenty-five couples enjoyed a ball at the hose house Christmas night. Sutton's celebrated orchestra of Olean furnished music for the occasion and the Petersons served delicious refreshments. It was an enjoyable affair.

—A pleasant dancing party was held at the hose house last Friday evening. The High School orchestra made its first appearance and furnished music for the dancers in a very satisfactory manner.

—Ladies' day at the athletic club bowling alley every Tuesday afternoon from 2 to 5. Admission 25 cents, bowling free. Every lady is cordially invited to come and enjoy the healthful exercise.

—It cost a Highland young man $25 to see his girl one night last week. The home of the girl was under quarantine on account of small-pox, but the young man wanted to see her so he made a call. He was arrested and fined $25, which he paid.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Hawkins, wife of Maj. A. C. Hawkins, died at her home in Bradford Sunday morning, aged 63 years. Mrs. Hawkins was a member of the Episcopal church and a lady of most estimable qualities. Mrs. Hawkins is survived by her husband, two sons and a sister.

—The Buffalo Sunday Courier is constantly increasing in popularity in this vicinity. It is an ideal Sunday paper and its illustrated features are of the best. The Sunday Courier is not only a credit to the city of Buffalo, but to twentieth century newspaper developments.

—Over $100,000 has so far been expended by the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern railroad in securing rights of way between Bolivar and Angelica, and there are yet several rights of way to be secured at Friendship over which there arises considerable trouble.—Olean Democrat.

—"The Aeroplane," a successful comic opera, composed by Joseph Gorton, Jr., of Friendship, N. Y., will be presented at Kane to-morrow night. Musical critics speak well of the opera and the composer who, by the way, is a cousin to Attorney Sheridan Gorton of this town.

—Chas. Latham of Bradford has the thanks of the MINER for a copy of his latest work, Latham's Reference Book and Business Directory. It is a handy book, typographically neat and profusely illustrated with cuts of buildings, etc., of interest to residents of this part of the state.

—One of the most frightful disasters in the history of railroading occurred at Wanstead, a station on the Sarnia branch of the Grand Trunk road, in Canada, 40 miles from London, Ont. The Pacific express westbound running at the rate of 50 miles an hour and crowded with passengers returning from holiday visits, crashed into an eastbound freight train last Friday night. Thirty persons were killed and at least thirty-five were injured. A misunderstanding of orders was responsible for the terrible mishap.

—The second quarterly meeting for Farmers Valley circuit United Brethren church will be held at Farmers Valley commencing on Saturday, Jan. 3rd, at 2 p. m. and 7:30 p. m.; also Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m., followed by a series of meetings, to all of which every one is invited.

—The Waverly, N. Y., Free Press has announced the marriage of Spencer Degolier and Mrs. Nellie S. Pettit of Bradford, which was solemnized in that city on Thursday, Dec. 25. The bride is musical director at the Scranton opera house, which position she has held for several months.

—At a meeting of McKean Lodge, No. 388, F. & A. M., held Wednesday evening, December 24, 1902, Samuel E. Bell was elected W. M.; William A. Andorfer, S. W.; Dr. E. R. Baker, J. W.; William F. Specht, secretary, and H. W. Rubin, treasurer. George W. Mitchell was chosen representative to the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania.

—Attorney Henry C. Dornan died at his home in Coudersport last Wednesday morning as a result of injuries received in an accident on Dec. 23. He was a prominent attorney and well known and highly respected in this county where he had practiced law for years. A number of McKean county attorneys attended the funeral which was held in Coudersport Saturday last.

—President Roosevelt was presented with a wooden cane made by James Atkinson, a negro, living in Rome, Ga. Carved on the cane are 103 images of nearly everything imaginable. Among these are fairly good likenesses of George Washington, President Roosevelt, Queen Victoria, Mrs. Ida McKinley, widow of the late President, and Christ on the cross. The work was all done with a 25-cent pocket knife.

New Year's Greetings.

This is the first day of 1903 and the MINER wishes one and all a happy and prosperous new year. As new year's resolutions are in order the MINER has resolved to continue to furnish all the news to the best of its ability.

MINER advertisers have resolved to continue to patronize that paper from which they get the best results.

The Port Allegany Reporter should resolve not to believe everything that is told it in regard to county matters.

The McKean Democrat should resolve to quit "knocking" and try "boosting" for the ensuing year.

Dave Dennison of the Bradford Era should resolve to stop making puns, but he will not.

Many people of both sexes in Smethport should remember that crossings on Main street and the door of the postoffice are not exactly convenient places in which to indulge in social chats during the busy hours of early evening. They should resolve to "cut it out" and thereby make happy the general public.

R. C. (Ike) Gleason has resolved to have cold feet for the balance of the winter.

Judge Isaac Reynolds has resolved to remain congenial for another season.

Former Bradford Man Arrested.

To-day's Era says: Edward G. Bachtell, formerly proprietor of the Batchell shoe store on Main street, this city, was arrested and locked up in Cleveland, O., yesterday afternoon on a warrant issued at the instance of Attorney T. F. Mullin of Bradford, charging the defendant with criminal libel.

The chief of police of Cleveland, notified Chief Murray last night by telegraph, of the arrest, and the latter will depart at 6 o'clock this morning for the Ohio city to return with Bachtell to Bradford. Bachtell has consented to be brought back to this city without the formality of securing extradition papers.

Landlord Heinlein Takes Possession.

Yesterday the court transferred the license of the Shooko House from J. E. Shooke to M. W. Heinlein, who took possession of that popular hostelry today.

During his connection with this hotel, of which he was the builder, Mr. Shooke has catered to the public in a commendable manner and his many friends regret his retirement from that business.

However, Mr. Heinlein has all the qualifications of a first-class landlord and there is no doubt but he will continue to hold a large share of the public patronage.

The "Miner" is Forty Years Old.

This issue of the McKEAN COUNTY MINER marks its entrance upon Vol. XL, although the paper is in reality 40 years old, having been established in 1863. Sometime in its early existence the issues of two years were included in one volume, which accounts for the difference in years and volumes. The MINER is getting along in years, but feels quite sprightly, and hopes to live to celebrate many more birthdays.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Company, for the election of five directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the company, 100 Main street, Smethport, Pa., on Tuesday, the thirteenth day of January, 1903, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Dated Smethport, Pa., December 24, 1902.

RALPH E. BURDICK, Sec.

For an oyster stew or a cup of good coffee, go to Petersons' restaurant.

Absolute Security

is offered to depositors of Pittsburg Trust Company by combined capital, surplus and profits of $6,000,000. Pays 4 per cent. on Savings Deposits, subject to withdrawal of $100 without notice, and 2 per cent. on Checking Accounts. Interest compounded semi-annually. Deposits $10,000,000. Do all your banking by mail. Send for two-hundred year calendar free. 323 Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

PERSONAL MENTION

Waldo Sasse visited friends in Kane last week.

Miss Tavia Raynor is visiting friends in Austin.

Miss Belle Stives has been visiting friends in Coudersport.

Miss Julia Gaynor of Clermont visited in town Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hall visited Bradford friends Sunday.

S. F. Redfield is in New York this week on a business mission.

Rev. G. H. Patterson is visiting in Slippery Rock, Pa., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Weaver spent Christmas with friends in Kane.

Miss Anna Devinney of Johnsonburg is a guest of Miss Mayte Connolly.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Goodsell of Salamanca, N. Y., are visiting in town.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Ryan of Kane spent Christmas with friends in town.

C. Alexis and son of Mt. Jewett were pleasant callers at this office yesterday.

Will and Andrew Leonardson made a holiday visit with friends in Titusville.

Miss Carrie Greer visited her friend, Miss Nellie Bradley, at Kane last week.

Rev. A. B. Spragues of Farmers Valley was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Aaron H[illegible] of Port Allegany was a welcome caller at this office Monday [illegible].

Mrs. C. A. Mason is a guest of her daughter, Mrs. Colin Peters, in Buffalo this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Brown of Hazelhurst are guests of Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Baker today.

Jas. McKitrick of Bradford was in town yesterday and made this office a pleasant call.

Paul Green, who is employed at Salamanca, visited his parents in town during his vacation.

Paul Brown of Ellicottville, N. Y., was a guest of F. A. McCoy and family during the week.

Miss Fern Matthews of Bear Lake, N. Y., is a guest of her cousin, Miss Pearl Green, this week.

Miss Lucile M. Hinman, who is teaching school at Costello, is spending the vacation at home.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Lyman of Roulette spent Christmas with Mrs. A. E. Hinman and family.

Charles Folger of Geneva, N. Y., was a guest of Smethport relatives and friends Christmas day.

Miss Alice Hurley and Miss Margrette Healey of Mt. Alton were guests of friends in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rick Donovan and daughter, Miss Anna, of Kane are guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Bell.

A. W. Mitchell of Parkersburg, W. Va., spent his holiday vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Mitchell.

Thomas and Paul Folger of Geneva, N. Y., were guests of their sister, Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin, during the past week.

Miss Alberta Choate of Bellevue Hospital, New York, passed the Christmas holidays with her father and family in Smethport.

Lin Hopper returned to Belmont, N. Y., Monday morning, accompanied by his brother, Webb, who will remain there one week.

Mrs. Jennie Tracy returned from Buffalo Saturday last. She accompanied Mrs. Geo. Shepard to a hospital in that city the early part of last week.

Miss Rose Allen, one of the popular teachers of the public schools, left on Monday for her home in Smethport where, her friends are sorry to hear, she is confined to her room by sickness.—Mt. Jewett News.

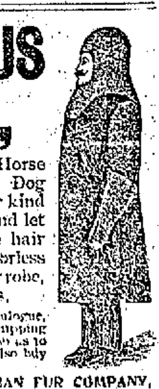
Mrs. John Todd departed yesterday for New Castle, Pa., to attend the funeral of her brother, Christopher Fagan, who was killed by the cars in an Indiana town. The remains were brought to New Castle for burial.

Hon. and Mrs. L. Rogers of Kane took their Christmas dinner with Recorder H. M. Choate and family at their home on King street. Attorney H. S. Rogers and family of Mt. Jewett were also guests of Mr. Choate Christmas day.

Harry Hailman, who recently joined the navy, visited his parents in Smethport Christmas day. Harry has been serving on the battleship, "Texas," but an accident has placed that boat in dry dock. He has been assigned to the "Panther." Young Hailman is a stalwart tar and says he likes the service.

For an oyster stew or a cup of good coffee, go to Petersons' restaurant.

If interested in saving gas read Redfield's ad.



SEND US A COW,

Steer, Bull or Horse hide, Calf skin, Dog skin, or any other kind of hide or skin, and let us tan it with the hair on, soft, light, odorless and moth-proof, for robe, rug, coat or gloves.

But first get our Catalogue, giving prices, and our shipping tags and instructions, so as to avoid mistakes. We also buy raw furs.

THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY, 116 Mill Street, Rochester, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS—CARPETS—MEN'S FURNISHINGS.
CARPETS MADE FREE.

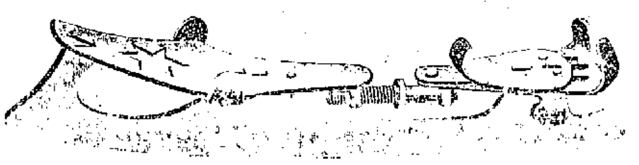
Closing Out of Holiday Goods.

By far the largest Christmas business in our experience necessitates a lot of odds and ends. These we are determined to clear out with special prices this week. Practically everything is in good condition and at the prices we offer them mean a rare opportunity for you. We include all games, toys, dolls, toilet sets, fancy boxes, figures, &c. All going at a discount of 33⅓ per cent off regular prices.

THIS WEEK **1-3** OFF

FRY & HERZOG.

Here's Your Opportunity.



U. S. CLUB SKATES.

Best quality steel, FULLY NICKEL PLATED. Strong adjustable clamps. Nothing finer.

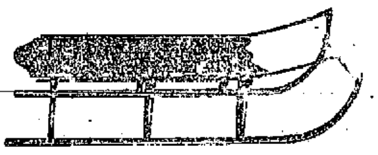
Cheaper Ones.

Same grade of steel as above with polished runners, other parts bright finish. Adjustable clamps. A first class skate.

Ladies' Club Skates.

The front of these skates are secured by adjustable clamps. No toe straps to make the feet cold. Best russet leather heel brace and strap. Made from the very best quality steel fine polished. A great improvement over the ordinary kind which we also have.

Bobs and Single Hand Sleds.



Not the flimsy kind but built with STEEL RUNNERS AND FRAMES to stand boys' use.

There is no healthier recreation that coasting. Let the children try it. We can fit any boy or girl with a good sled at the right price. Large assortment, all sizes, handsomely finished, light, strong and durable.

Come and see them.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,

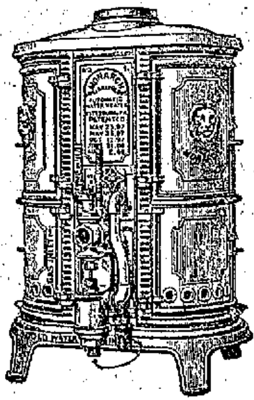
Lumber and Hardware

Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.

Smethport, Pa — McKean County.

Parties Using The Monarch Water Heater



In Bradford	In Smethport	In Bradford
L. E. Mallory	County Home	W. R. Weaver
L. Emery, Jr.	F. D. Gallup	C. V. Merrick
L. E. Hamsher	J. W. Bolton	Dore C. Greenewald
B. M. Bailey	Dr. H. L. McCoy	Miss Zella Haffey
C. P. Collins		A. E. Harper
D. H. Jack		Wm. Hadley
Charles Lavens		James George
David Phillips		E. W. Bissett
R. J. Gaffney		Mrs. T. E. McCray
W. J. Bovaird		John Haggerty
John Eckhart		D. W. Robertson
Philip Nusbaum		Milt Melvin
John Wiess		Frank Hamilton
John Bird		Joseph Kilgore
T. J. Melvin		Claude Mitchell
E. N. Unruh		Harvey Rose
O. F. Schonblom		F. C. French
O. F. Spencer		St. James Hotel
S. A. Mundy		Hotel Holley
Charles Brown		Bay State Hotel
George Mills	Dr. E. R. Baker	Option House
Ike Ralph	Robert King	Central Restaurant
George Fagnan	George W. Mitchell	Geo. Moore "
D. McLaughlin	Orlo J. Hamlin	Y. M. C. A.

Smethport Plumbing Co.

W. S. Palmer, Manager. SMETHPORT, PA.

A Hot Battle On New Year's

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

January 1, 1863

[Copyright, 1902, by G. L. Kilmer.]

ON New Year's day, 1863, the dashing Confederate general, "Prince" Magruder, effected the recapture of the city of Galveston from the Federal forces. For two months preceding that date Commander W. B. Renshaw, U. S. N., had held the city under menace of the guns of his little flotilla, consisting of the Harriet Lane, Owasco and Clifton and the ironclad Westfield, all lying in the channel off Kuhn's wharf, with an auxiliary of 260 soldiers bivouacked on the wharf and protected on the land side by a chasm in the flooring where the planks had been piled up to form a parapet.

With the exception of the 260 soldiers, who belonged to the Forty-second Massachusetts, there had been no attempt during Federal control to garrison the city. Old Confederate earthworks that had been hastily evacuated when Renshaw's vessels dashed into view on the original attack remained undisturbed, and all the [illegible] remnants of the works had only been kept out of range of the naval guns.

Magruder chose New Year's morning to spring an attack on the foe by land and water, as sudden and as bold as that of Renshaw when he captured the place. He improvised a naval force from river boats, the most formidable being the cotton clad packets Neptune and Bayou City. During the night of the 31st of December he massed a column of artillery and infantry in front of the wharf, with cannon trained upon the Harriet Lane and the camp of the Massachusetts men.

CAPTAIN LEON SMITH BOARDING THE HARRIET LANE.

The Confederate signal gun was fired at 1 a. m. The gunners of the Harriet Lane, standing ready, answered with a shower of grape, which the Owasco quickly followed up. The fusillade drove the Magruder's gunners from their places. Meanwhile stirring scenes were enacted at the wharf. The enemy's movements had been so stealthy that the officer of the Massachusetts picket made his nightly rounds without discovering anything unusual in front, although Magruder's guns were pushed up within a stone's throw of the parapet. The planks had been removed from the inshore end of the wharf, leaving a chasm fifty feet wide. Back of this yawning gap and the parapet the Massachusetts men quickly formed for battle.

Renshaw's ships, having been anchored with the emergency in view, swept the whole shore on the land side of the ditch with canister, while the little band on the wharf poured in a terrible shower of bullets. But in the face of that blasting fire a column of volunteer Confederate stormers, under Colonel Cook, attempted to carry the wharf. The scaling ladders which had been brought up proved too short to span the gap, and they began to bridge the open space by planks, which had been provided on shore. This maneuver was cut short by the murderous fire of the Massachusetts men. The Confederate gunners in front of the wharf were also driven from their pieces. Magruder's land attack, despite its boldness and the heroism of his soldiers, could not recover the city. The force to be reckoned with was Renshaw's guns.

From fighting the enemy on land the men of the Harriet Lane were called to meet an attack at close quarters. The Bayou City and Neptune ran alongside the Lane, and while their riflemen swept her decks with bullets the Bayou City riddled her wooden sides with thirty-two pound shots. One missile from the little cotton clad stove an immense hole in the Lane behind her wheel. Seeing that a good shot had been made, Captain Weir of the Bayou City seized the lanyard of the gun nearest him and called out, "Here goes for a New Year's present!" The piece exploded instantly, killing Weir and wounding Captain Schneider, who stood alongside.

Meanwhile the Bayou City's consort, the Neptune, closed with the Lane and had her bow stove in the encounter. At the same time a shot from the Lane cut through her hull, and she dropped away and sank. After the explosion of her gun the Bayou City attempted to ram the Lane, but missed the mark. In a second dash she struck the Lane aft of the wheelhouse, running her bow so far under the gunwale that there was no backing off.

While the vessels stuck together the fighting force of the Bayou City poured a terrific fusillade of bullets upon the decks of the Lane from their cotton bale ramparts. After a few minutes of slaughter Captain Leon Smith, who led the naval end of Magruder's expedition, leaped aboard the Lane, followed by his men. Commander Wainwright and Lieutenant Lea stood on the gory deck among their falling sailors, trying to rally strength for resistance. Some of the Federal sailors hoisted a white flag, but when Wainwright was called upon to surrender he refused and was cut down after twenty minutes' desperate battle by a sword cut given, it was believed, by Smith himself. Lea was also cut down with a mortal wound.

After the Harriet Lane had surrendered Smith assisted in removing the body of his dead foeman to Magruder's headquarters. Magruder in his official report credited Smith with having killed Wainwright in honorable combat. Some years later it was asserted publicly that Smith had cut down the gallant Federal in cold blood after surrender. This charge Smith offset by declaring that he boarded the ship in the darkness and fought blindly with whoever chanced in reach of his sword; that the Federal officers refused to surrender and fell nobly defending the ship and their own persons.

If the battle at New Year's dawn had its weird horrors, it also had its tender pathos. One incident of the after scenes was the meeting of Lieutenant Lea, who was wounded by the side of Wainwright, and his father, Major Lea of Magruder's staff. Learning of the impending attack upon the Lane, Major Lea asked permission to join it in the hope of caring for or perhaps burying his son, whose courage he knew would stop short of nothing but victory or death. At daylight he found his boy prostrate among the Federal wounded and dying and rapidly fading away. "Edward, 'tis your father," said he.

"I know you, father, but I cannot move," said the hero faintly. Some stimulants were given the lieutenant under which he rallied, but after exchanging a few sentences he fell back dying, with the words, "Father is here!" upon his lips.

The fate of Commander Renshaw was at once pathetic and tragic. His flagship Westfield was aground and could not move up to succor the Harriet Lane. When all was over, the Confederates sent out a truceboat to say that if he would surrender he might remove his people from the harbor. Spurning the offer, he sent his crew away in boats and remained with his officers to set the Westfield on fire. So rapidly did the flames spread that they reached the magazine, and the ship was torn into a thousand pieces in a few minutes. Renshaw had just boarded his yawl alongside the doomed vessel and was of course destroyed by the explosion.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Imitation.

Mrs. Spader—What are you going to wear this winter?

Mrs. Snipton—I can't tell yet, but I'll let you know in time. New York Herald.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

10c. 25c. 50c. All Druggists.

Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk.
Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

Don't Accept a Substitute!

When you ask for Cascarets be sure you get the genuine Cascarets Candy Cathartic! Don't accept fraudulent substitutes, imitations or counterfeits! Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, 10c.

HUNTING CARIBOU.

One, Shot Through the Heart, Ran Two Hundred Yards.

The caribou is very tenacious of life, says E. W. Watts in Collier's Weekly, writing about hunting these animals in Newfoundland. My companion used a 30.40 Winchester and the writer used an .8 Mannlicher. With such strong guns we were seldom able to stop a big stag with a single shot, even when hit in a vital spot. One that the writer shot through the heart ran with the rest of the drove for 200 yards, as though he had not been touched, before collapsing. When we opened him, he had only one bullet hole and his heart was cut in two. Another went about the same distance on the jump with both fore shoulders broken and a bullet through the neck. On several other occasions the stags when hit went off with such strength that when they fell they dug their antlers in the ground and turned complete somersaults.

The first caribou we killed was a fawn. We picked him out because we wanted meat, and, being young, we thought he ought to be tender. In fact, however, his meat was almost useless—lean, tough, stringy and very dark in color. This was difficult to understand, and the guides, for some reason, were unable to offer an explanation. However, I learned the reason later. It appears that during the mating season the fawns are weaned. The old stag, driving the fawn away from the mother, will strike him with his horns and chase him half a mile. As soon as the stag gives up the chase and turns back to the doe the fawn will return; then the stag will chase him again. This is kept up for eight or ten days, with the result that from worry, violent exercise and change of diet the meat of the fawn becomes for a time unpalatable.

THE APOSTLES.

Emblems Bestowed Upon Them by the Mediæval Artists.

The mediæval artists, having no idea of the personal appearance of the Saviour's followers, adopted a [illegible] signs, or emblems, for each, which soon became familiar to all. The emblem of Peter was either a large key or two keys crossed, which is readily explained by referring to the words of Christ (Matthew xvi, 19), "And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." The emblem of Paul was a sword and a book, the latter to remind the beholder that he was a teacher of men, the former to indicate that he was beheaded with a sword. St. Andrew was usually figured standing by a cross shaped like a letter X, that being the form of the cross upon which legend says he was crucified. The emblem of St. James the Great was either a sword, referring to the fact that he was also beheaded, or a pilgrim's staff, he being a great traveler.

St. John's emblem was a caldron, referring to his experience in the boiling oil. St. Philip's emblem is an enigma. It was a spear and a cross, yet it is known that he was hanged. St. Bartholomew, who was "flayed alive," is represented with a knife and his skin hanging over his arm. Matthew's emblem is a square, supposed to have some reference to Christ's calling. St. Thomas, having been "pierced with a dart," is pictured carrying a spear. The emblem of James the Less was a club, he having been "beaten to death with a faggot." St. Matthias an ax, he having been beheaded. Simon's emblem was a saw. The legend says "he was sawn asunder."

Courtesy Among the Swedes.

The Swedes are a quiet, taciturn people. There is no jostling even among the lowest classes. When a train leaves a platform or a steamboat a pier, the lookers on lift their hats to the departing passengers and bow to them, a compliment which is returned by the passengers. You are expected to lift your hat to the shabbiest person you meet in the street, and to enter a shop, office or bank with the hat on is considered a bad breach of good manners. In retiring from a restaurant you are expected to bow to the occupants. Bowing and hat lifting are so common that the people seem to move around more slowly than elsewhere in order to observe the courtesy.

His Mistake.

The puzzled plebeian who is attempting his first meal on a railway dining car is obviously perplexed with the names of the different dishes.

After some study of the menu he says to the waiter:

"Bring me a plate of this alfalfa dalfa."

"Beg pahdon, suh," whispers the waiter, "but dat is de name er de cah, suh!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Dubious Compliment.

"They have named a brand of cigars for Barker."

"I should consider that quite an honor."

"You wouldn't if you knew the cigars."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Appropriate.

"He calls the baby Coffee."

"What a name! What does he call it that for?"

"Because it keeps him awake nights."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Appearances Deceptive.

Tate—Appearances are not always to be trusted.

Brady—That's so. It's a mighty bright book that lives up to its cover.—Boston Transcript.

Austria was the first country to adopt the system of postal cards. This was in 1869.

One per cent of the population of India profess the Christian religion.

F. W. CROWLEY,

Fine Tailoring,

ELDRED, PA.

Our facilities are unexcelled.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

THE FISH SURGEON.

OPERATIONS WHICH HE PERFORMS UPON HIS PATIENTS.

Knife and Shears Are Used, and the Fish May Be Kept Out of Water From Five to Seven Minutes—How Medicines Are Administered.

The fish doctor, like the regular doctor, gives medicine, performs surgical operations and superintends his patients' diet and environment. These are the principal operations which he performs: Trimming the fish's tail with fish shears when fungous growths enlarge it; stripping the fish to remove the eggs or milt that have not been naturally deposited; excising with the lance tumors, lacerated scales and splinters of bone.

Among the medicines that the fish doctor gives are castor oil for swelling of the swimming bladder and nux vomica for debility and emaciation. This specialist also presides over the food of the fish, inspects their food troughs thoroughly and makes microscopic examinations of their water to see that it contains the proper lifegiving elements in their due proportions. Regarding these matters, which are as important to healthy as to sick fish, the leading fish doctor of Philadelphia recently said:

"A food trough of enameled ware that will not rust should be used for fish. At the same time each day their oatmeal should be put in this trough, which should always be kept in the same place, and as a consequence of this treatment the fish will gather around their trough at mealtime, which they will instinctively recognize, as greedily as hogs, burying their noses in the food when it is set before them and crowding and pushing one another in a healthy, ravenous and hoglike manner. The trough should be cleaned once a day lest it get sour, but the water of the fish should rarely be changed. Even when it becomes foul smelling it should only be changed gradually—a quart a day, say; for to change it all at once has the effect of a terrible exposure. It is, indeed, the same as if you should snatch a child from its warm bed and lay it naked out of doors in the cold night wind and snow."

It is not the detention of fish from their native element that makes fish surgery difficult, for they can be kept out of the water for five, six and seven minutes without the slightest harm to them, and there is no operation that requires a longer space of time. But what makes it difficult is the disinclination of the flesh to heal after it has been cut. A wound to heal requires to be dry. Nothing is more deleterious to it than any sort of moisture, and hence the troubles of a fish wound bathed and soaked in water all the time. Inevitably, therefore, fish operations are simple and slight.

One of them is the trimming of tails enlarged to unwieldiness by growths of fungus. In this work sharp shears, with blades oddly curved, fish shears, are employed. The fish is lifted from the water and held head downward while its tail is being trimmed. A dexterous operator gets through the work in two or three minutes. There is no flow of blood and no [illegible] wound that will not heal, hence the trimming is in nine cases out of ten successful. It must be resorted to often with Japanese goldfish, for these costly and graceful creatures, with their resemblance to strange golden flowers, have tails bigger than their bodies, and when their tails, as frequently happens, become affected with fungus, they are unable to swim well, and sometimes, indeed, they drown. A fish "drowns" technically when, floating with its head out of the water, it dies from asphyxiation.

The knife is used on fish to remove tumors or lacerated scales or splintered bones, which, unexcised, would cause the fish's death. Lacerations of the scales are only treated when they are so severe that the fish without treatment would surely die. This operation is successful in about 70 per cent of the cases. The remaining 30 per cent die because their wounds do not heal.

Stripping is an operation resorted to when, in the breeding season, the fish, through some malady or other, does not deposit naturally its eggs or its milt. The patient in this operation is held with the left hand while with the right a firm pressure is exerted along its sides from the breast down to the tail. Stripping is the least dangerous of all the operations in fish surgery.

Admirable results are obtained by dosing fish with medicines. Castor oil, for swelling of the swimming bladder, is a remedy that seldom fails. A fish's dose of castor oil is one drop, diluted slightly. The liquid may be administered either with a spoon or with a quill toothpick. The process in each case is similar. The fish is held in an erect position; its head well up, and the drippings from the toothpick or the contents of the spoon are directed into its mouth. Sometimes they flow forth again through the gills, and in this event the dose must be repeated.

A swollen swimming bladder is a frequent and dangerous ailment of captive fish. Under it they become extremely corpulent and unwieldy. At length they turn over and float on their backs. Finally they die. But in nine cases out of ten one dose of castor oil cures this disease in a day. Fish often lose appetites, become thin and weak and apathetic. Their trouble then is stomachic, and nux vomica, with them as with human beings, affords quick relief. A drop of dilute nux vomica will bring back a fish's appetite, restore its weight and make it active and cheerful.—New York Tribune.

Woodchurch parish, Wirral, England, has a parish cow which may be borrowed for a year at a stretch for 64 cents as the result of a legacy.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good reliable companies

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—William A. Stone.
Lieutenant Governor—J. P. S. Gobin.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.
Member of Congress—J. C. Sibley, Venango.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Member of Assembly—E. A. Boyne, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—William B. Clarke, Smethport.
Prothonotary—G. W. Mitchell, Bradford.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Boardman, Smethport; Albert Peterson, Kane; Thos. F. Hungiville, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brooder.
Auditors—A. L. Gallup, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—F. W. Brownell.
Council—James A. McKean, president, Mrs. J. Colegrove, secretary; W. P. Walsh, treasurer; Charles McKean, C. Herzog, Alfred Hagberg, Thomas Camp, J. A. Yerdon.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, W. Stark.
Constable—C. N. Bates.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. [illegible], treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rohan, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—R. C. Sasse, John Eastman, Mrs. Clarke.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—Samuel Green, F. H. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. [illegible], meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at [illegible] o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
GEO. W. MITCHELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month, 1st degree second, [illegible] degree third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
Wm. [illegible], N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. [illegible], meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. F. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Sec'y.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. [illegible], meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
F. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 187, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keno Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLMES, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 31, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at [illegible]
[illegible]
MRS. [illegible], Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] Chapter, No. [illegible], O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
JOHN BENDER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m., Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 24, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:14 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:39 p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:39 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..............10:59 a. m.
Train 126, week days.............. 7:07 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..............9:14 a. m.
Train 123, week days..............2:39 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:18 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 4:05 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10.30 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays); Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (10:33 a. m. Sundays); Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:30 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS	SOUTH Ar. P. M.
9 40	Ridgway	12 01
9 55	Johnsonburg	11 46
10 11	Glen Hazel	11 28
10 20	Straight	11 20
10 25	Instanter	11 16
10 31	Smith's Run	11 10
10 38	Woodvale	11 04
10 45	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:48 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 260, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Ag't.

[illegible] & K. [illegible]WAY

TIME TABLE.

Eastern Standard Time.

IN EFFECT JUNE 1, 1902.

SOUTHBOUND.

[illegible]IONS	1	3	5	7	9
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
[illegible]	7 46	10 [illegible]	1 2[illegible]	4 [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	8 00	10 53	1 5[illegible]	4 45	[illegible]
[illegible]	8 11	10 5[illegible]	2 02	4 [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	8 30	11 0[illegible]	2 07	4 57	[illegible]
[illegible]	8 2[illegible]	11 [illegible]	2 14	5 04	[illegible]
[illegible]	8 35	11 20	2 25	5 15	[illegible]
Ar.	9 00	11 50	2 50	5 40	[illegible]
Lv.	8 00	10 45	1 50	4 30	[illegible]
[illegible]	9 05	11 50	2 55	5 45	[illegible]
Ar.	9 40	12 25	3 35	6 25	8 [illegible]
Lv.	9 50		4 00		
[illegible]	10 19		5 05		
[illegible]	10 41		5 30		
[illegible]	11 20		6 15		
[illegible]	12 00				
[illegible]	12 15				
[illegible]	12 40				
[illegible]	12 [illegible]				

NORTHBOUND.

[illegible]

A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.

[illegible] Sunday only.

[illegible] between Ormsby and [illegible]

[illegible] Sunday.

[illegible]

[illegible] Agent.

[illegible]

Time Table No. 14. Passenger Train Schedule. Effective [illegible]

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p. m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
	1 10	8 10	lv. Mt Jewett ar.	8 00	12 00	
5 21	1.50	8.31	Hazelhurst	7.36	11.36	4.26
5.29	2.05	8.37	Marvindale	7.29	11.29	4.19
5.32	2.10	8.40	Kasson	7.25	11.25	4.15
5.37	2.17	8.47	Comes	7.18	11.18	4.07
				7.10		
6.05	2.30	9.14	Smethport	p. m.		
				7.15	11.19	3.40
6.18	2.43	9.27	Farmers Valley	7.03	10.58	3.28
6.25	2.49	9.34	Corryville	6.50	10.51	3.21
6.31	2.55	9.49	Larrabee	6.50	10.46	3.15

SHAWMUT DIVISION.

Southward Read down P.M.	A.M.	STATIONS & Sidings	Northward Read up P.M.	A.M.
7.40	11.30	Clermont	7.00	8.35
7.59	11.52	Wellendorf	6.78	8.17
8.12	12.06	Wildwood	6.40	8.04
8.22	12.19	North Fork	5.38	7.58
8.29	12.28	Bear Run	5.26	7.47
	AM			PM
8.47	12.50	St. Marys	4.50	7.25
9.07	2.50 7.38	St. Marys	11.02	6.47
	2.52 7.40	Kaul	11.00	6.45
	3.17 8.03	Paine	10.34	6.20
	3.21 8.08	Kersey	10.30	6.16
	4.00 8.46	Elbon	9.59	5.44
	4.05 8.50	Hyde	9.55	5.40
AM	AM		PM	AM
	6.03	St. Marys	6.08	
8.05	6.30	Paine	5.42	8.05
8.35	7.00	Byrne	5.10	7.30
8.40	7.05	Weedville	5.05	7.05

Close connections at St. Marys with P. & E. R. R. for all points East and West. At Clermont, for all points on W. N. Y. & P. R'y. or their connections.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt.
C. H. HAMMOND, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward. A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS. Ar Dp	L'v Westward. A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.26
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.58	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

0—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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IN THE SENATE GALLERY

By A. H. JOHNSTON

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Vulgarly, the king of the lobby was and is supposed to deal in money—crisp banknotes of a denomination large enough that a number may be carried in the pocket without bulging, and yet may be passed over the counter by a representative of small resources without attracting attention. This is all very vulgar, and not here to be discussed. Certain it is that the king of the lobby never so fully realized until that day that his business lay not with banknotes in the analysis, but with subtle undercurrents of a human soul that no plummet fathoms.

He had spent never mind, the figures were nowhere set down but he had spent money actually and has swent blood figuratively to pass the canal bill. The canal bill was to come to a final vote within fifteen minutes, and if a coin had been tossed up he would have laid even money on heads or tails. As he looked out over the big hall, swinging a pince nez idly, not a muscle of his strong face twitched. His intelligent eyes narrowed to two cunning predatory slits, his glance flitting from the pink and white face of a girl in the gallery to the gray sprinkled head of a man who sat at a desk well forward in the room below.

Two persons perhaps in the assembly knew how the vote would turn, he thought. One of these was the girl and the other the man. On second thought the king of the lobby revised his opinion. The girl did not know, for Archibald, with the banknotes burning in a stuffy envelope in the inside pocket of his coat, could not have told her. Or if the banknotes were even now on their way back to the king of the lobby Archibald was still not [illegible] told her. Archibald did not [illegible] ever be [illegible] [illegible]

It was a bill about which one honest man might hold an opinion diametrically opposed to the opinion of another honest man, and, as every one knows, this brings about a state of chaos. Such was the hue and cry that by the time the bill had passed the lower house and had reached the senate even its strong supporters were afraid to vote for it. At this juncture the men of money behind the bill, being also men of graft, came to an understanding with the lobby.

The king of the lobby, according to his custom, wrote down on a sheet of paper the names of all the honest men who were reckoned upon to vote against the bill, on another sheet the names of the honest men who would vote for it, and still on a third sheet he wrote the names of the "wabblers" and the "sellers." He employed plausible men to convince the "wabblers" and dispatched cunning lieutenants who bought the "sellers." All these names he added to the list of the canal bill's backers, and yet three names of the requisite number were lacking. He got two from the other side—no matter how. Then, as the days went on and the third was not landed, the lobby king sweat with fear. Archibald of Cook, silent and patient and conservative, had given no inkling of the way that he intended to cast his vote. But Archibald was a man of character, so they said, and the most timid were never afraid to peep as Archibald piped.

The king of the lobby heard things—stories of debts, and of the love affair that was gossip, and being a lobby king he saw a desperate chance and resolved to play it. It was not the business of the lobby king to deal in ethics, which in the long run every man must attend to for himself. So, late in the past evening, Archibald had been informed in the most delicate way that friends of the measure were deeply grateful to him for the vote which he intended to cast in their favor. As a trifling return a very small proportion of the about to be increased dividends of the canal company were transferred to him in a plain brown envelope by the hands of a messenger. The lobby king was accustomed to suspense, but it was a matter of some concern to him as the clerk stood up to read the long legal title of the bill that afternoon as to just what disposition had been made of the brown envelope.

Archibald sat composedly at his desk in the senate writing letters. Or, perhaps, he only pretended to write to conceal a latent nervousness. It is certain that he glanced at the girl in the gallery but once, and then surreptitiously and timidly. For that matter, politician as he was and considerably experienced in the ways of the world, Archibald was always timid in the presence of the girl. She was only nineteen, a slender slip of femininity just out of boarding school, but she had taught Archibald a great many things, or at least he thought that she had, and it is much the same. He did not defer to her judgment precisely, but he shifted his point of view to meet her sentiments. For example, the girl did not conceive of riding through life in other than a coach and four, as she had ridden [illegible] for nineteen years by the grace of a parent who slaved and another parent who managed. Archibald was poor and utterly sunk into debt, but he accepted the idea of a coach and four as though he had been born to it. And this is not saying that it was thrust upon him. It was merely a part of the divinity that hedged about a handsome girl who spoke of ordinary politicians and their wives as "those people."

Where the money was to come from he had not the least idea, and he found it more tolerable on the whole not to dwell upon ways and means. He simply marked time, and his hair grew whiter and something came up every day to remind him that he was not young any longer.

Ordinarily the coarse blandishments of the lobby had no terrors for Archibald. But when you come to the love of a woman, a nice sentiment about marriage settlements, a mountain of debt and a dizzy sum of money in a plain brown envelope, and the bill is a good one perhaps anyway, and no one cares a copper whether you go up or down, why, that is another thing.

Only that morning Archibald had taken the girl for a drive in a fancy cutter behind a pair of thin flanked bays. It might have been chance, but it looked like fate, that as they dashed past the steps of the capitol the lobby king, on the topmost step, had lifted his hat to them.

"Oh, by the way," said the girl, "I'm coming over at 3 to hear the contest on that horrid canal bill. It will be exciting."

"Don't, dear," said Archibald.

"Why?" pouted the girl, whose face shone temptingly pink and white over a gray fur boa.

"Because," stammered Archibald, very intent upon the restive bays, "the struggle is all over. There is nothing left but voting."

When the girl, with a bevy of other ladies, took her seat in the gallery that afternoon, Archibald did not look up at once, but he knew that she was there as well as if he had had eyes in the top of his head.

A sudden stillness fell upon the buzzing [illegible] as the clerk's shrill voice took up the [illegible] [illegible] some [illegible] up strips of black [illegible] them with [illegible] word Archibald [illegible] knowledge had spread [illegible] to the casting vote and Archibald's name was the third on the list.

"The clerk will now please call the poll," said the lieutenant governor, rapping smartly on the desk. There was the audible rustling of a leaf, and then the clerk's shrill call.

"John T. Aldridge!"

Aldridge voted "aye," as it had been conceded that he would.

"Thomas S. Allen!"

"No!" shouted Allen, with the full strength of his lungs. There was a little handclapping, which the chairman suppressed immediately.

"George D. Archibald!" called the clerk.

The king of the lobby caught his breath for the fraction of a minute, and patriarchal senators stroking their white beards leaned over anxiously to hear the voice of the hale, quiet man from Cook.

"Aye," said Archibald clearly, and there was a slight uproar of mingled hisses and applause.

The king of the lobby folded his arms and smiled a little. After that, silk hat in hand, he stood to hear the vote through with the born expression of a man who anticipated every move of the game.

He turned when the vote was announced and bumped into a page who had been waiting at his elbow to hand him a stuffy brown envelope. It had been ripped open and banknotes were sticking out of the end audaciously.

"Returned with the compliments of George D. Archibald," ran the indorsement on the back. The king of the lobby, with a muttered oath, whipped the bills into the inside pocket of his coat.

Meantime the girl in the gallery was saying to a friend how horrid it was of Mr. Archibald to vote on the side that people hissed; which, of course, it was.

Only Wanted Part.

A certain reverend doctor who for many reasons must be simply known by the ordinary name of Jones is generally considered to be a most eloquent preacher, but unfortunately he belongs in some respects to the old fashioned school and finds it nearly impossible to adapt himself to the prevailing fashion of short discourses. It is a frequent joke far beyond his own immediate family circle that after writing a sermon he is obliged to cut it up into a series of modern discourses.

A short time ago he received a note from a well known clerical brother conveying an urgent request that he would deliver a sermon upon some special church festival that was shortly to be held. The doctor replied to the effect that he would come and that he had just completed a sermon upon the golden calf which might be singularly appropriate for the occasion.

The brother clergyman was an old friend and knew Dr. Jones very intimately, and, being thus acquainted both with his peculiarities as well as with his ability to take a joke, he sent the following answer by telegraph:

"Golden calf just what is wanted. A fore quarter is all that will be needed."

SIN GRAVEN UPON MARBLE

Warning to Those Who Take Snuff During Worship.

There is a quaint old parish church in Plurien, Brittany, built in the early part of the fifteenth century and having, with many other primitive arrangements, the bell rope from the belfry hanging down from the roof of the nave and dangling just in front of the pulpit, so that the process of bell ringing is performed in full view of the congregation. But what was more peculiar was the projection at right angles from one of the walls (also near the pulpit) of a sculptured hand and arm of full size as though held out from the shoulder by somebody built into the solid fabric of the wall itself, and the hand opened and, palm upward and fingers extended, had a suggestion of appeal and solicitation which naturally provoked curiosity.

As there was no inscription or anything to hint at the nature of the story that evidently lay behind the sculptured limb, I made inquiry of a charming old lady who was decorating the altar with flowers in view of the next day's high mass and she told me that many years ago, in the faroff past, there was a wicked villager who went indeed to mass, but was far from devout, and on one occasion he so far forgot himself in the service on a hot summer's day as to hold out his hand through the open door or window to an equally undevout friend outside for a pinch of snuff.

The pinch was duly given, but St. Peter, the patron saint of the church, was so scandalized by so terrible a want of reverence that he straightway paralyzed the arm of the offending snuff taker, who thereupon took to his bed and died, but not before he had admitted the justice of his punishment and had left directions in his will for setting up in the church of the marble reminder of his sin in order that all future villagers in Plurien might be warned against the terrible enormity of allowing any distraction to interrupt the devout hearing of the mass. It is a curious story and reminds one that there has been [illegible] [illegible] of the great [illegible] Glasgow [illegible]

[illegible] OF WIT.

[illegible] Lowe.

[illegible] Emerson.

He who believes he is finely knows that he himself is not to be trusted. Auerbach.

Superiority to circumstances is one of the most prominent characteristics of great men. Horace Mann.

Self laudation abounds among the unpolished, but nothing can stamp a man more sharply as ill bred. Buxton.

Cheerfulness is like money well expended in charity—the more we dispense of it the greater our possession.—Victor Hugo.

Open to Persuasion.

"Is your husband a strong willed man?" asked Mrs. Sampson of her neighbor, Mrs. Towne. After a moment's reflection Mrs. Towne replied:

"I don't know," she said dubiously. "I always thought he was, but the other day he went into a department store to get a new rug for the sitting room because he said he wouldn't go another day with our old shabby one.

"He happened to get off on the wrong floor, and he came home with four newfangled flatirons and a porcelain kettle and no sign of a rug. So you see I don't quite know what to say about him since then.

"All he told me was that you never knew just what you needed till you saw it right before you."—Youth's Companion.

Hackneys and Dachshunds.

Hackneys of skyscraping knee action are to some extent freaks in horseflesh of little more real value to mankind than dachshunds, the sawed off dwarfs among dogs. The little child who said of this ridiculous splayfooted, bowlegged caricature of the canine race that it must have been born under a bureau hit the mark exactly. The nose smiting, cloud capping horses that try to throw their front legs over their ears at every stride are grotesque aberrations from sound and admirable types. They and the dachshunds should disappear together.—New York Tribune.

Municipal Aid.

"Well," remarked Miss Innocence, "the government may not believe in women taking the initiative in matters of love, but this city certainly does."

"I don't see how," replies Miss Antike, with more interest than might have been expected.

"It's plain as print. The city clerk is advertising in the newspapers for 'sealed proposals.'" replies Miss Innocence.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Following Custom.

"Whoop!" yelled the excited inebriate as he rushed into the hotel. "I'm a terror! I'm a man eater! I'm the biggest gun that ever hit the pike! Wow!"

"It's customary," remarked the bouncer as he gazed at the subsequent wreck outside, "when a gun is loaded to fire it."—Baltimore News.

Competition.

The Second Story Man—Well, Bill, how's business?

The Bank Burglar—Well, we're havin' a lot of competition from de fellers on de inside.—Puck.

A DEFLECTED DUEL

By William J. Lampton

Copyright, 1901, by W. J. Lampton

"Why didn't I marry Mirandy Howe?" exclaimed Hiram Hostetter, flushing angrily in response to a taunt from the hostler. "S'pose you ask Milt Burgess over there why he didn't marry her?"

The little crowd loafing in front of the livery stable in the country town pricked up its ears and concentrated its interest on the hostler and Mr. Hostetter, Mr. Burgess in the meantime becoming more intent upon the corn cob pipe he was laboriously constructing.

"How's that, Milt?" inquired the hostler in the same taunting tone. Evidently he knew more of the inner history of Hostetter and Burgess than the others did, for they were all curiosity and had no comments whatever to make. Both men were considerably past middle age and had come to the town several years before from the hill country, bringing no credentials other than a desire to better their condition and a fair ability to do so. They were sober, honest and industrious, and beyond that their acquaintances took no concern. The hostler in his more prosperous days had made a number of trips into the hill country, buying horses, and had heard some of the legends of that section.

"Oh, you git it out of Hi if you kin," responded Mr. Burgess, without looking up from his work.

"I never did hear the straight of it," said the hostler, the taunting tone giving place to one of soft persuasion, "and I'm sure these gents ought to know it just for the sake of your reputations. Don't you think so?"

"Well, I ain't objectin'," admitted Mr. Burgess, "if Hi wants to tell about it."

"You tell it, Milt," pleaded Mr. Hostetter.

"No, you do it, Hi," [illegible] Mr. Burgess. [illegible] a better [illegible] [illegible] You [illegible]

Mr. [illegible] with [illegible]

[illegible] You see, me and Milt [illegible] courtin' Mirandy [illegible] and [illegible] it was nip and tuck between us for two year. [illegible] As Milt says, I was a talkin' [illegible] that he owned a farm and [illegible] that sees more in a [illegible] other things bein' equal. As for me and Milt, disrespective of substantials, Mirandy liked me."

"Hi was a heap sight better lookin' in them days than he is now," explained Mr. Burgess, whose personal beauty was not, to put it mildly, exactly phenomenal.

"Much obleeged, Milt," said Mr. Hostetter modestly. "But, as I was sayin', Mirandy kinder liked me a shade better, and with that and my talkin' I was neck and neck with Milt's farm. It kep' gittin' from bad to wuss 'twixt me and Milt, though we'd been pardners fer years, so's to'rds the last we got riled every time we met up with each other, and folks begun sayin' there was as likely to be a funeral on the creek as a weddin'. Mirandy seemed to injoy it, though, and kep' us on the tenter hooks, smilin' fust one way and then t'other, and aggin' us on all the time."

"Mirandy could be the aggravatin'est critter," commented Mr. Burgess half to himself and dreamily, as out of the dead past.

"Much obleeged, Milt," acknowledged Mr. Hostetter. "As I was sayin', things kep' gittin' more skeow-wowed, and me and Milt kep' gittin' closeter and closeter, and like as not we'd a clinched some day right where we met, but Mirandy packed up her duds and went over into the adj'inin' county to teach winter school, and when she was gone me and Milt shied off for awhile and didn't have no grievance ag'in each other, leastways not in sight. Mirandy, so we heard, had a sight of beaus where she was teachin', but she never told nobody at home about her business in that line when she come back three er four times visitin'. The school lasted three months, and when it was out Mirandy showed up ag'in, and was jist as smilin' at me and Milt as ever—smilin'er, I reckon, for before we knowed where we was at we had fit, tooth and toe nail, for her, right in the road. Neither one of us got the wust, but both of us got it purty bad, and so we agreed to shoot it off with our shotguns and settle it fer once and all."

Mr. Burgess stopped work on his cob pipe long enough to chuckle audibly at something or other which Mr. Hostetter's remarks had suggested.

"Much obleeged, Milt," said Mr. Hostetter, smiling himself. "As I was sayin', we agreed to shoot off the prize, and the live man left over was to git the gal. You see, each one of us was bettin' odds that he was the chosing people."

Again Mr. Burgess chuckled audibly.

"Much obleeged, Milt," said Mr. Hostetter. "As I was sayin', when we agreed to the shootin' proposition we got a second apiece and a kind of general superintendent to manage the match, and we picked out a nice, quiet place over in Brand's holler, where there was a moonshine still once, and nobody had ever been there since the revenoos had scattered it to the four winds and wasn't likely to go, it was so dern lonesome. In course we swore everybody to eternal secrecy, but there's no tellin' how leaky a bar'l is till you put water in it. Anyway we was on hand prompt, fer we meant business didn't we, Milt?"

"Ruther, I reckon," responded Mr. Burgess to Mr. Hostetter's appeal. "An' we wasn't no cowards neither."

"Much obleeged, Milt," said Mr. Hostetter gratefully. "As I was sayin', we was there prompt, and the general superintendent ranged us up about twenty feet apart and give orders that we was not to shoot till we got the word 'Fire!' after he had counted three and drapped a hat."

"There wasn't no foolishness about it neither," put in Mr. Burgess, "fer me and Hi seen to it that they didn't put up no job on us by not loadin' the guns right, fer when they handed them to us, sayin' they was all right, we poured a handful of duck shot in each bar'l, so's there wouldn't be any mistakes."

"Much obleeged, Milt," said Mr. Hostetter. "As I was sayin', we was to shoot at the word, and we stood lookin' at each other, with murder stickin' out all over us till you could 'a' scraped it off with a chip. When a man is bad in love, he's the wust, I reckon. Anyway, we never said a word; no hand shakin', no nothin'; just cold killin' was what we was there fer, and we was goin' to have it. Our seconds kinder dallied around as if they was waitin' fer somethin', but we stood there waitin' fer the word to shoot."

"It gives me gooseflesh to think about it even this fur off," commented Mr. Burgess, with a shiver.

"Much obleeged, Milt," nodded Mr. Hostetter in full sympathy with his late antagonist. "As I was sayin', we stood there waitin' with our guns cocked and drawed tight to our shoulders, and the general superintendent begun to count one, two, three, and we tuck sight with intent to kill. The superintendent stopped at three, holdin' the hat ready to drap and say 'Fire!' when all to once there was a rustle in the brush, and Mirandy come bouncin' through and landed smack between the muzzles of the guns."

"Dern if I didn't think it was an angel drapped out of the sky," exclaimed Mr. Burgess feelingly.

"Much obleeged, Milt," [illegible] Mr. Hostetter. "As I [illegible] landed right between [illegible] up one [illegible]

"What [illegible]

do? [illegible]

[illegible]

superintendent [illegible]

"What [illegible]

"Do you?" [illegible]

"For you," says Milt.

"Then she laughed so loud and kinder raw that it struck the bark off a hickory tree standin' jist by the edge of the clearin'.

"'Well, gentlemen,' says she, startin' to git out of the way and talkin' in regler book languidge and as perlite as a basket of chips, 'don't let me interfere with the festivities, but before actual hostilities begin I think I owe it to each of you to say that you had better go over to Pleasant Ridge first and shoot John Henshaw, for I am goin' to marry him next Tuesday week, Providence permittin'. Fire!'

"Mirandy stood lookin' at us, the superintendent snorted, the seconds laid down in the weeds and rolled over and me and Milt shuck hands and walked off the field, not sayin' a dern word to nobody, and we didn't go to the weddin' neither."

"It's a affydavit fact, gents," corroborated Mr. Burgess.

"Much obleeged, Milt," said Mr. Hostetter. "It shore is."

A Spoiled Climax.

There was once an old time "religious revival" meeting at a negro church near Savannah. In order that the revival spirit might be quickened it was arranged that the preacher should give a signal when he thought the excitement was highest, and from the attic through a hole cut in the ceiling directly over the pulpit the sexton was to shove down a pure white dove, whose flight around the church and over the heads of the audience was expected to have an inspiring effect and, as far as emotional excitement was concerned, to cap the climax. All went well at the start. The church was packed. The preacher's text was "In the form of a dove," and as he piled up his eloquent periods the excitement was strong. Then the opportune moment arrived, the signal was given, and the packed audience was scared out of its wits on looking up to the ceiling and beholding a cat, with a clothesline around its middle, yowling and spitting, being slowly lowered over the preacher's head. The preacher called out to the sexton in the attic, "What's de dove?" And the sexton's voice came down through the opening so you could hear it a block, "Inside the cat!"

Philadelphia's Old Clothes.

Philadelphia is said to do a bigger business in old clothes, says the New York Commercial—that is, of course, in the cast off or second and third hand clothes of men—than any other city on the American continent. It is the center of the trade in the east, and the buyers of New York, men with their bags from Canal, Hester and Baxter streets and from all over the middle states, "work" the City of Brotherly Love for old clothes every business day of the year. These outsiders number nearly 600 on an average. The capital invested in the old clothes trade of Philadelphia aggregates $3,500,000. There are about 1,000 flourishing retail stores, and the average value of their stock is set by experts in the trade at $8,000. Each of a half dozen stores carries goods valued at $15,000 or $20,000. Each store gives employment to three persons on an average—the proprietor, his wife and the "busheler," or mender. In all there are fully 3,000 in the retail shops.

TWO SECRETS.

Eben Hid His From His Wife, and She Cherished Her Own.

"How's business, Eben?"

The old man was washing at the sink after his day's work.

"Fine, Marthy, fine!"

"Does the store look just the same, with the red geranium in the window? Land, how I'd like to see it with the sun shining in! How does it look, Eben?"

Eben did not answer for a moment. When he did, his voice shook a bit.

"The store's never been the same since you left, Marthy."

A faint little flush came into Martha's withered cheek. Is a wife ever too old to be moved by her husband's flattery?

For years Eben and Martha had kept a tiny notion store, then Martha fell sick and was taken to the hospital. That was months ago. She was out now, but she would never be strong again, never be partner in their happy little trade again.

"I can't get over a hankering for a sight of the store," thought Martha one forenoon. "If I take it real careful, I can get down there. 'Tisn't so far. Eben 'll scold, but he'll be tickled most to death."

It took a long time for her to drag herself downtown, but at last she stood at the head of the little street where the store was. All of a sudden she stopped. Ahead, on the pavement, stood Eben. A tray hung from his neck, on which were arranged a few cards of collar studs, some papers of pins and shoelaces. Two or three holders were in his shaking old hand, and as he stood he called his wares.

Martha clutched at the wall of the building. She looked over the way at the little store. Its windows were filled with fruit, and an Italian name fluttered on the awning. Then Martha understood. The store had gone to pay her expenses. She turned and hurried away as fast as her trembling limbs would take her.

"It will hurt him so to have me find out," she thought, and the tears trickled down her face.

"He's kept a secret from me, and I'll keep one from him," she said to herself. "He shan't know that I know."

That night when Eben came in, chilled and weary, Martha asked cheerfully the old question:

"How's business?"

"Fine, Marthy, fine," answered Eben.—Youth's Companion.

THE BULLFIGHTER.

Picturesque, Self Conscious and the Popular Hero in Spain.

You could never mistake a bullfighter for a man of any other calling. He enforces upon himself a strict costume the details of which are as immutable as those of a soldier's uniform. His hair must be brushed forward over his ears, he must be smooth shaven, he must wear a tiny pigtail, his jacket may not come below his waist line, his shirt is deeply fluted, and in its front he wears as magnificent a diamond as his earnings and the gifts of his admirers can supply. When he walks the streets on his high French heels, glancing self consciously from beneath his flat brimmed sombrero, he is followed on every side by pointed fingers.

To sit with him at a cafe table is a distinction, and the youngest of Madrid's golden youth flush with pleasure when in public places he nods to them. At the fashionable hour in the Prado they give him the seat of honor in the automobile. It is a survival of the relations of the "patron" and the gladiator. And in return for this social recognition, when Sunday comes, the matadore before he kills the bull bows to the box in which his rich patron sits and throws him his three cornered hat and by so doing fills with envy the hearts of 15,000 men.

What the effect his fame, his silken calves and his cloth of gold have upon the women of Spain has been sung by generations of poets, playwrights and novelists of his own country.—Richard Harding Davis in Scribner's.

A Gentle Hint.

A certain butcher is renowned among his contemporaries for the quaintness and originality of some of his remarks.

On a road leading to a neighboring parish he one day met a gentleman who at the time owed him for some meat. After a salutation the gentleman remarked:

"That's a fine fat dog you have, Alexander."

"Sae weel he may, sir," was the reply, "for he has an easy conscience and is oot o' debt, and that's mair than you or I can say!"

The hint was taken, and the butcher got his money next day.—London Answers.

She Needed It.

An old colored woman who had saved up a little money went to her lawyer to consult with him about investing it profitably. When she was asked, says Harper's Magazine, what interest she expected, she answered in a very sure and emphatic manner:

"Twelve per cent, Mr. Jedge."

When the attorney expressed some surprise, she explained her position thus:

"Well, jedge, I ain't got much money, an' yo' see I has ter git a big per cent ter make up."

Reversed.

"A horse ran away with my brother, and he hasn't been out of doors for three weeks."

"That's nothing. My brother ran away with a horse, and he hasn't been out of doors for three years."—Baltimore American.

Pardoned.

"I spent all the money I had in the world on flowers for you, darling."

"Well, dear, it wasn't your fault that you didn't have more."—Life.

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The WOOING OF MISS PRISCILLA

By Carrie Hunt Latta

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As she drew near to a small house which was built well back from the road Miss Priscilla glanced at it with pretended indifference. Then she looked closer, stopped and looked again.

"How shet up Sam'l Clayton's house do look! Melby he's went away. Melby he's went west. He said he would ef I didn't marry him. But, law me, that was years an' years ago, an' ef he'd 'ben goin' he'd 'a' went long ago. Melby he's sick an' all by hisself! I wouldn't live on a hyrod fer a finer farm 'n this of Sam'l's."

She took a few steps farther, then stopped. There was a determined look on her face.

"It ain't proper fer a lone womaun ter go ter the house of a lone man, but I ain't goin' ter step fer that ner nothin' else when they's a prospec' of Sam'l Clayton bein' sick with nobody ter complain ter."

She walked briskly up the lane which led to the little house. The blinds were drawn and the front gate was closed. The barnyard gate hung open, and the chickens wandered about the dooryard disconsolately, while out in the shed the cow lowed piteously.

"No tellin' when that cow's ben milked er how long she's ben shet up without feed an' water. Somethin's happened. I hope ah I do hope it ain't nothin' awful. Sam'l's 'bout the only friend I've got hereabouts, an' ef he was ter die—"

She had to wipe the tears from her eyes before she knocked.

There was no answer. Her breath came fast. She knocked again.

"What yo' want?" The voice was dreadfully cross.

Miss Priscilla opened the door cautiously, keeping her face turned away.

"Sam'l Clayton, is they anything the matter?"

"Nothin'," he answered grimly, "'cep'in' I'm flat on my back an' ain't able ter git up."

The door flew open, and Miss Priscilla entered.

"I know I ain't doin' the proper thing, Sam'l, so don't be castin' up nothin', but— My goodness, Sam'l, you're as yaller as gold."

"That's comfortin', Percilly."

"Yo've got yaller janders, I reckon. I don't blame yo' none fer not wantin' ter git up. When I had 'em, I couldn't turn over in bed."

"I do want ter git up, but I can't, Percilly."

"Don't yo' be cross, Sam'l. They ain't no call fer it. I'm sorry fer yo', awful sorry, an', though it ain't the thing, I'm goin' ter stay 'here an' red things up some. Then I'll git word to yer brother Robert. Air yo' hungry, Sam'l?"

He [illegible]

"An' [illegible]"

He put out his tongue at her and made a wry face.

"No, I reckon yo' ain't hungry, but you're weak fer somethin' ter eat, an' ye'll git it right soon."

She went into the kitchen, and Samuel heard her muttering and talking to herself. She put her head in at the door.

"Is that glass there on the table the only one you've got, Sam'l?"

"I'm the only one ter use a glass, Percilly, an' I never hev cump'ny."

"What's it got in it anyhow?"

"Ginger tea, Percilly."

Miss Priscilla picked the glass up and smelled of the contents.

"Phew! Sakes alive. I s'pose yo' fixed it?"

Miss Priscilla disappeared, taking the glass with her. She soon returned with a glass of sparkling cold water.

Miss Priscilla straightened the sheet, put clean cases on the pillows, opened the windows and put the room in order. Samuel's face brightened as he watched her.

"Got anything 'bout the house ter eat, Sam'l?" she asked presently.

"Things as spile easy is hangin' in the well, an' the rest of the things is in the cellar, Percilly."

Miss Priscilla fed the chickens, milked the cow and turned her into the pasture. When she returned, she put the milk away, then entered the room again, bringing a cup of hot broth.

"It ain't cooked 'nough, Sam'l, but it won't do fer yo' to go any longer with a impty stummick. Eat some."

She propped him up in bed, and he did as he was bidden.

"That's the first good broth I've et sence mother died."

"I don't doubt that, Sam'l. You're the porest 'xcuse fer a housekeeper I ever seen. The whole house is awful. I ain't s'prised you're sick. I'd be dead."

"It ain't my fault as I'm my own housekeeper, Percilly Blake," he answered significantly.

She flushed red.

"Well, I see plain as I'll hev to go an' leave yo' by yourself an' not wait fer yer brother ter come. Don't make matters unproperer than they air a'ready."

"My, but yo' air b'hind the times! Brother moved ter Iowny five weeks ago comin' Thursday."

"They's other naybers, Sam'l," she snapped.

All the rest of the day she watched for a passing vehicle that she might hail its occupant and send for some one to look after Samuel. Toward evening she grew uneasy. She had refused to talk to Samuel for some time, as he would talk of personal matters, but now she turned to him anxiously.

"Sam'l, I can't bear ter leave yo' by yo'self ag'in ternight."

"I guess I won't die of yo're anxious ter go, Percilly."

"I ain't anxious ter go, an' yo' know it."

"Then stay an' let folks talk of they want ter."

"I can't 'ford ter do that, Sam'l."

Then there was another long silence. Miss Priscilla looked down the road [illegible] going down to the [illegible] as if she could get a [illegible]

[illegible] the night," [illegible] "I never [illegible] my life."

Samuel looked into her eyes as she [illegible]

"[illegible]?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Percilly, say, do yo' 'member what I asked yo' onct?"

She made no reply and looked steadily down the road.

"Well," he went on, "them's still my feelin's."

She shaded her eyes as if to see better and did not answer.

"Well, Percilly, say, ef I'm not dead by to-rin', won't yo' look up old Kit [illegible] drive over fer the preacher an' fetch him over an' hev 'im marry yo' an' me?"

Miss Priscilla sprang to her feet. Her face was crimson with anger.

"Sam'l Clayton, ain't yo' 'shamed ter insult me in yo'r own house? Do yo' think that's what I come over here fer? Shame on yo'!"

And, covering her face, she burst into tears.

"Fer the Lord's sake, 'Cilly, now don't do that. I wouldn't 'a' made yo' cry fer this farm. Course yo' didn't come here fer that. I've ben wantin' ter say this, howsumever, ever sence I seed it that time so long ago. But yo' know yo' wouldn't ever let me talk 'bout it. I'm lovin' yo' all this time, an', Percilly, yo' jest can't know how lonesome I am."

Miss Priscilla wiped her eyes and looked at him.

"That hasn't made yo' a heap better, didn't it, Sam'l?"

"A heap better," he answered smilingly.

"Well, you're well 'nough ter leave by yo'self, ain't yo'?"

"[illegible] goin' away [illegible]"

"[illegible], Sam'l."

"Yo' [illegible] no answer to that question, 'Cilly. A 'Yes,' said good an' strong, would cure me."

"I'm goin' home an' do the talkin' an' feed the chickens an' do the chores."

"I hate ter stay by myself 'nother night, that I do. I had sech a oncomfortable night last night."

"Yo' pore man!" she said kindly. "Well, as I was sayin', I'll go home an' do the chores an' while I'm there I'll change my dress. I think I'll hook up old Belle. I ain't tust ter Kit an' I'll send Ben Coldron over ter stay with yo' while I'm away. I'll hev his wife come too. They'll do for witnesses, yo' know."

"Do yo' mean yo're goin' ter hev me, Percilly?" he asked eagerly.

"I reckon I do," she answered, fingering her sunbonnet.

"'Cilly, they's one thing I wisht yo'd give me 'fore yo' start somethin' ter keep up my strength till yo' git back."

He looked at her wistfully.

"More beef tea, Sam'l?" she asked, but there was a twinkle in her eyes.

"Yo' know better—somethin' I asked yo' for an' tried ter steal long time ago."

She hesitated for an instant—then leaned over and kissed him.

Woman's Sense of Humor.

It certainly seems that in much of the humor of women there is a trait closely allied to the retort courteous, as shown, for instance, in the following citations. It was a woman who, on reading a novel and with gentle satire, said, "I am sorry for man; just at that awkward age between the ape and the angel." Another woman it was who remarked after reading the Carlyle letters, "Yes, it is true; Mrs. Carlyle was a martyr, but she wasn't a good martyr, or we'd never have heard of it." Better known is the anecdote of the learned and fastidious New England woman who, being in need of a pin, was asked by a friend, who was somewhat in awe of her, what kind of pin she wanted and hit off the situation wittily with her indignant reply, "The common white pin of North America." In all these instances one may discern something of "the look downward." It would be interesting to know if this is characteristic of the humor of the sex.—Century.

The Postmaster Was Cautious.

I was expecting a letter at a Dakota postoffice, and when I went to inquire for it I found the postmaster to be doubtful of my identity.

"Sure you're the man?" he asked.

"Of course."

"Willing to make affidavit to it?"

"I am."

"Not after any one else's letters?"

"No, sir!"

"Willing to swear and sign your name?"

"I told you I was."

"Where would the letter be from?" he continued.

"Boston, perhaps."

"And written to you?"

"Certainly. You seem to be over-particular here."

"Yes, mebbe I am, but being as nobody here has got a letter for the last month and being as there is none for you and not likely to be I thought I wouldn't take any desperate chances, you know."

To Rest His Eyes.

The people who quit reading "just to rest their eyes" might take a hint by inference from the reply made by an old Mississippi illiterate. A passing man found him apparently deeply interested in a paper.

On looking close it became apparent that his paper was upside down, and he was asked forthwith why he held it thus.

His reply almost knocked the questioner out. It was:

"Just to rest my eyes!"—Kansas City Independent.

To Reform Him.

Minister—You say you are going to marry a man to reform him. That is noble. May I ask who it is?

Miss Beaut—His young Mr. Bondclipper.

Minister—Indeed! I did not know he had any bad habits.

Miss Beaut—Yes, his friends say that he is becoming quite miserly.—New York Weekly.

THACKERAY WAS BORED.

An Amusing Incident [illegible] the Author's Second Visit to Boston.

During Thackeray's [illegible] visit to Boston Mr. James [illegible] was asked to invite Thackeray to attend an evening meeting of a scientific club, which was to be held at the house of a distinguished member.

I was, writes Mrs. Fields, very reluctant to ask him to be present, for I knew he was easily bored, and I was fearful that a prose essay or geological paper might be presented and felt certain that should such be the case he would be exasperated with me, the innocent cause of his affliction.

My worst fears were realized. I dared not look at Thackeray. I felt that his eye was upon me. My distress may be imagined when I saw him rise, quite deliberately, and make his exit very noiselessly into a small anteroom adjoining. The apartment was dimly lighted, but he knew that I knew he was there.

Then began a series of pantomimic feats impossible to describe. He threw an imaginary person, myself, of course, upon the floor and proceeded to stab him several times with a paper folder, which he caught up for the purpose.

After disposing of his victim in this way he was not satisfied, for the dull lecture still went on in the other room, so he fired an imaginary revolver several times at an imaginary head.

The whole thing was delightfully done. I hoped nobody saw it but myself. Years afterward a ponderous, fat-witted young man put the question squarely to me:

"What was the matter with Mr. Thackeray that night the club met at Mr. ——'s house?"

Why He Didn't Worry.

"The first serious accident I ever had," said an old sailor, "was that of a [illegible] which [illegible] pre[illegible] explosion [illegible]

"Somehow he didn't give himself the downheartedness that you might reasonably expect of a man who had suffered his loss, but, on the contrary, he was really cheerful over it, and this I didn't understand. And I said to him one day that I thought he was a pretty plucky sort of man to look at things as he did, considering that it was his right arm too.

"'Why, that,' he said, 'is the one redeeming feature of the whole business. Suppose I'd have lost my left?'

"'What?' said I.

"'Why,' says the man, 'I'm left handed! Where would I have been now if I had lost my left arm! I'd have been up the stump then sure enough.'"

The Order Pleased the Cook.

The following story is told on a missionary of the China inland mission, a bachelor keeping house for himself in the southern part of China. One morning in ordering his dinner he wished to tell his cook to buy a chicken. Instead of saying "ye" for chicken he aspirated the word, saying, "Buy me a 'che'." His cook thought that was an eminently proper command and went about his marketing in high good humor. At noon the missionary found no chicken cooked—in fact, no dinner at all,—for his cook had not returned. About dark the man came back, saying: "This was not a good day for buying wives, and I have been all day looking for one, but at last I found one for you. She is rather old and not pretty, but you can have her cheap. I have promised $40 for her."

Quenching Thirst at Sea.

Many years ago Dr. Hing suggested to Captain Kennedy that thirst might be quenched by dipping the clothing in salt water and putting it on without wringing it out. The captain, on being cast away, succeeded in persuading some of the men to follow his example, and they all survived, while the four who refused and drank salt water became delirious and died. Captain Kennedy goes on to say, "After these operations we uniformly found that the violent thirst went off and the parched tongue was cured in a few minutes when we had bathed and washed our clothes, while we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment."—London Standard.

The Name of Stebbins.

The Stebbins family is fairly numerous. It is not now a classic name. Its owners wear it ignorantly. More the shame for them. It is by right a classic name, borne as it was by the first of Christian martyrs—St. Steven, sometimes spelled Stephen. Steven is the Dutch way of spelling it. Spell it in Spanish—Esteban. Drop the initial silent "e," and then you have Steban. Among the ignorant the step to Stebbins is very short. And the honorable name of St. Steven takes on degradation even as the fine old Norman-French name D'Aubaine becomes the homely Dobbins.

In His Father's Footsteps.

Binks—Did Smith's father leave him anything?

Jinks—Only his debts.

Binks—How is Smith getting along?

Jinks—Well, he has greatly increased his inheritance.—Baltimore American.

Ability.

Tomson—Johnson has no ability of any kind.

Jackson—Nonsense. Why, he can ask you for a loan in such a way that you thank your lucky stars for the opportunity to accommodate him.

Pleased at It.

"The fools are not all dead yet," said the angry husband.

"I'm glad of it, dear," calmly replied the other half of the combination. "I never did look well in black."—Chicago News.

Administrators' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of L. P. Wahlin, late of Smethport Boro, McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to John A. Lindholm residing in said borough, county and state, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment at once, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

JOHN A. LINDHOLM,
Administrator.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 26, 1903.

BADGES FOR BALLS.

Gorgeous Styles [illegible] on the East Side in New York.

One of the most [illegible] is the [illegible] are emblazoned about forty of them are required, and they are made upon a scale of magnificence that evidently appeals to the east side committeeman. The floor manager and his assistant have the most elaborate, rivaling even that of the president of the association under whose auspices the festivities are given, says the New York Mail and Express. The secretaries, corresponding and financial; the treasurer, the chairman of the committee of arrangements and his assistants are all provided for, as well as the sergeant at arms and the marshal.

These badges are from two to four inches in diameter, of pink, white, blue and green silk ribbon, with tinsel galore, and on the rosette in the center the initials of the association and the rank of the wearer. The badges for the sergeants at arms and marshal have miniature policemen's clubs as an additional decoration.

It is the custom to place these badges in a frame and exhibit them in some favored window, flanked on either side by the cards announcing the ball itself. Many a youthful chest swells with pride as its owner sees in the window before him the decoration that will indicate that for one evening at least he will be "in de real push, see?"

Paderewski's Distinction.

There was a day when Paderewski's English was not fluent. One evening before a [illegible] he was showing a [illegible] gathering of callers how to do this, that and the other on the keys of his grand piano, explaining in bad English as he went. Of course the [illegible] present were ready to supply a word when the pianist hesitated [illegible] with [illegible] dropped from the ceiling [illegible] "Alarum!" All applauded the perfect correction. He sat down at the instrument to [illegible] exclaimed again, but the word refused to come. "What you call er-er—" "Discord," put in the supplier of words. Paderewski's hair stood straight out, and his face was white and red with anger. Jumping up from the stool, he spluttered: "Dessert! No! With me a dessert iss eempossible!" He would not be persuaded to touch the instrument again that night. The unintentional insult struck deep.

Queer Goldfish.

Beautiful and most interesting of all goldfish is a native of Japan, and it is noted for the beauty of its tail and the abnormal length of its fins.

The tail resembles a delicate veil, and the fins are developed to such an extent that it is impossible for the fish to make rapid progress in the water.

It is therefore solely on account of its beauty that it is prized and because in this respect it differs widely from other varieties of goldfish, such as the "telescope fish," the eyes of which bulge out of the head in most unsightly fashion; the "celestial eyed fish," which is so named because its eyes are bullet shaped and are ever turned skyward, and the "egg fish," which is so called because its body is somewhat amorphous, but resembles an egg more than anything else.

His Last Exception.

Some time after the closing hour of a large eastern bank which makes a specialty of the accounts of wealthy women an elegantly dressed woman attempted vigorously to open the door.

"Shall I let her in?" asked the janitor.

"Yes; we'll make an exception in her case," replied the teller, who was rather impressed by her appearance.

"I should like to open an account," she said, looking at the teller through her lorgnette.

"For how much, madam?"

"About seventy-five," she answered.

The teller made out a book for $75. The woman handed him 75 cents. That was the last time the cashier ever made an exception.—Youth's Companion.

Appreciative.

A housekeeper who has been employing a colored washerwoman for several months was surprised to see her appear last week in a hat trimmed heavily with crape.

"Why, Julia," she asked, "is any of your family dead?"

"No, no," was the reply, "but one of my best customers gave me this hat, and I didn't want her to think I don't 'preciate nothin'."

More to His Taste.

Mrs. Young (proudly)—The landlord was here today. I gave him the month's rent and showed him the baby.

Young (who was kept awake last night)—It would have been better, my dear, if you had given him the baby and shown him the month's rent.

Never Needed Vindication.

"You were never compelled to ask for a vindication?"

"A vindication?" echoed Senator Sorghum scornfully. "I should say not. My motto is, 'Don't get caught in the first place.'"—Washington Star.

In Korea a serviceable umbrella costs about 12 cents. The covering is of oiled paper.

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